CANADA-WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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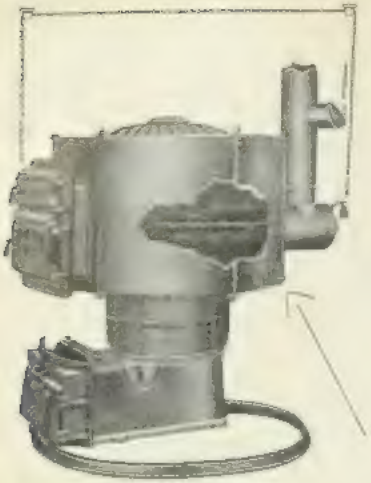

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STEPPING WESTWARD

"What, you are stepping westward?" "Yea"
—'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

William Wordsworth.

Painted for CANADA-WEST
by Edith Cary Farrell

THE CHIEF

Plates engraved
by Carl G. Bea

Penance. See page 960.

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. AUGUST, 1908 NUMBER 4

REGULATING THE COMMON CARRIER

BY WILLIAM WHYTE

Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT IS a self-evident truth that the development and prosperity of any new country depends upon its transportation facilities. Production without transportation is often impossible, and always unprofitable; consequently the fertile Canadian prairies lay untilled, and the lead, the copper, the coal of the West remained undisturbed where a generous Providence placed them. The forests were choked, and the fish multiplied in the myriad of lakes and rivers; and the great silence was broken only by shouts of sportsmen, the snapping of steel traps set by the Hudson's Bay traders and the creaking of Red River carts. The Canadian West was a sealed empire waiting the touch of steel rails to open its doors to the world.

One would naturally suppose, therefore, that the Canadian Government, fearful of discouraging railroad construction at a time when it was sorely needed, would have moved slowly in the matter of enacting a railway regulation measure which, in the United States, at least, would have been considered drastic. But the Government saw clearly that, while additional transportation facilities were of vital importance, yet, at the same time, efficient railway regulation was an absolute necessity to the development of the West, and, instead of resorting to dilatory tactics, it met the situation squarely, adopted the Railway Act; and, when the Bill had gone into effect, the wisdom of the course which it had taken at once became apparent to all.

Although it is not generally known, it is, nevertheless, an established fact that no country in the world has so great a mileage per capita as Canada now has. Then, add to this the fact that contracts have been let for hundreds of miles of additional railway, consisting in part of feeders which will suck up and bring to the main lines the crops from the newly developed wheat regions—and you will understand that Government regulation is not necessarily a fatal drag on a nation's railway prosperity.

Canadian railroads are regulated by a board of three Commissioners, who are appointed for life. The chairman of the Board receives an annual salary of

ten thousand dollars, and associate members, eight thousand dollars. This board is authorized to employ the services of experienced railroad men as experts in the different branches of railroad work. The Commission is endowed with powers that would make

Whenever railway regulation, considered necessary for the public good in Canada, is adopted, there is no cry of "confiscation" on the part of the railway companies; no much-mooted abstract questions as to the constitutionality of the Act are raised, and no

BEFORE THE RAILWAY CAME FORTY-BUSHEL CROPS WERE THRESHED BY STEAM DRIVEN DEVICES AS THIS

a citizen of the United States, accustomed to the weak and ineffectual efforts of the Interstate Commerce Commission, gasp with astonishment.

The publicity recently accorded the affairs of several large railways in the United States, as a result of the proceedings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been the means of arousing considerable interest in all parts of Canada, and, as a natural

protracted and expensive legislation ensues. The authority of the Board's members is plenary within its jurisdiction, and its decisions and orders may be made rules of any Superior Court. There is no appeal from their decision, unless the Board itself grants an appeal, except on questions of jurisdiction or to the Governor-in-Council. It is to be noted in this connection that when the statute authorizing this

THE MODERN WAY—THRESHING BY STEAM

consequence, Canadians, ever on the outlook for improvements in all things, have compared their Dominion Railway Act and the powers of their Railway Commission with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The result of the comparison is interesting, indeed.

Board of Commissioners and defining their immense powers in railroad regulation was enacted, it was with the approval and co-operation of most of the Canadian roads. This statement will be pregnant with interest to a citizen of the States who is familiar

with the railroad situation in his own country. It is, nevertheless, true in every particular. The Canadian's characteristic respect for the law is primarily responsible for this most satisfactory result. All classes seem to agree in the sentiment: "It is the Law; it must be obeyed."

The railroads realized at once that such action on the part of the Dominion Government could not fail to operate to the mutual benefit of the Canadian people and, in the end, to their own benefit.

the Railway Act. Such is not the case with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It might be well to mention a few of the more important powers extended to the Railway Commission which the Interstate Commission does not seem to possess.

It possesses jurisdiction over telegraph or telephone lines operated by railway companies, and all matters pertaining thereto.

It can order the abolition of grade crossings where it considers them too dangerous to the community to be

THE RAILWAYS BRING EVERYTHING TO THE NEW TOWNS FROM A TRACTION ENGINE TO A PAPER OF PINS

In one step Canada has accomplished what the United States has not been able to do in years of effort. The powers of the Railway Commission under the Railway Act are infinitely greater and more clearly defined than are those of the Interstate Commerce Commission under the Interstate Commerce Act, and, in comparison, the latter seems ridiculously weak and ineffectual. The power of the Railway Commission within its jurisdiction over the railways in Canada is absolute, and its duties and powers are set forth in

permitted, and can order the railways to construct subways or overhead crossings, or the installation of safety appliances at level crossings.

It has the power to regulate the running and operation of trains, and can order changes in schedules or operation of additional trains to give better service for the accommodation of business.

Railway companies must report to the Board all cases of fatal or serious injury.

All agreements for the sale, lease, or

amalgamation of railways must be approved by the Board.

The Board may order the allotment or distribution of cars, where there may be question of discrimination.

Railway companies must submit to the Board plans of all branch lines, spurs, sidings, or railways of any description whatever, and the approval of the Board must be secured before the work can be commenced. This applies also, to all works, bridges, etc., which the railways may desire to construct.

The Board may order the construction of bridges over navigable waters, and the regulations respecting the construction of such bridges are included in the Railway Act.

The Board may exercise jurisdiction over claims against railway companies; at the same time, it protects the railway companies from unjust claims.

The Board may determine what lands the railway companies may take without owner's consent for right-of-way, etc., and its authority extends to expropriation proceedings of every description.

No railway may cross or join another railway without the consent of the Board.

The Railway Act defines the duties and powers of directors of railways.

It can fix either maximum or absolute rates.

All freight tariffs have to be filed with, and receive the approval of the Commission, which has the power to order changes in them.

No toll can be charged which unjustly discriminates between different localities.

No greater toll can be charged for a shorter than for a longer haul unless, in the judgment of the Commission, special conditions make it necessary.

Freight tariffs are governed by a classification which must receive the approval of the Board. This insures uniformity of classification.

The effect of this beneficent rate regulation on the commercial development of Canada cannot be overestimated. Consider for one moment what this protection means:

1.—Equal rates for all. A guarantee that one section of the country will not be exploited to the detriment of another region equally endowed with natural resources.

2.—No secret rebates. An exemplification of the "live and let live" policy. The small producer is zealously protected and is afforded an equal chance on the same basis with a wealthy corporation.

3.—Government regulation of train schedules. An absolute assurance to the shipper that he can fulfil his contracts.

In short, it may be said that the Board of Railway Commissioners has absolute control over all matters pertaining to the construction, operation and maintenance of railways, and, in comparison, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission seem dwarfed almost to insignificance. It may be said, also, that not only does the Dominion Railway Act, which gave to the Board of Railway Commissioners its life, protect the public but it also protects the railway companies.

For instance, a town where one railway is already located may desire the entrance into the town of another railway and may wish to grant a location to the entering road which might prove injurious to the first road. In such a case, the first road may appeal to the Commission against this injustice, and the Board has the power to compel the second road to enter the town by another route.

Previous to 1881, the country lying west of Winnipeg had never heard the whistle of a locomotive.

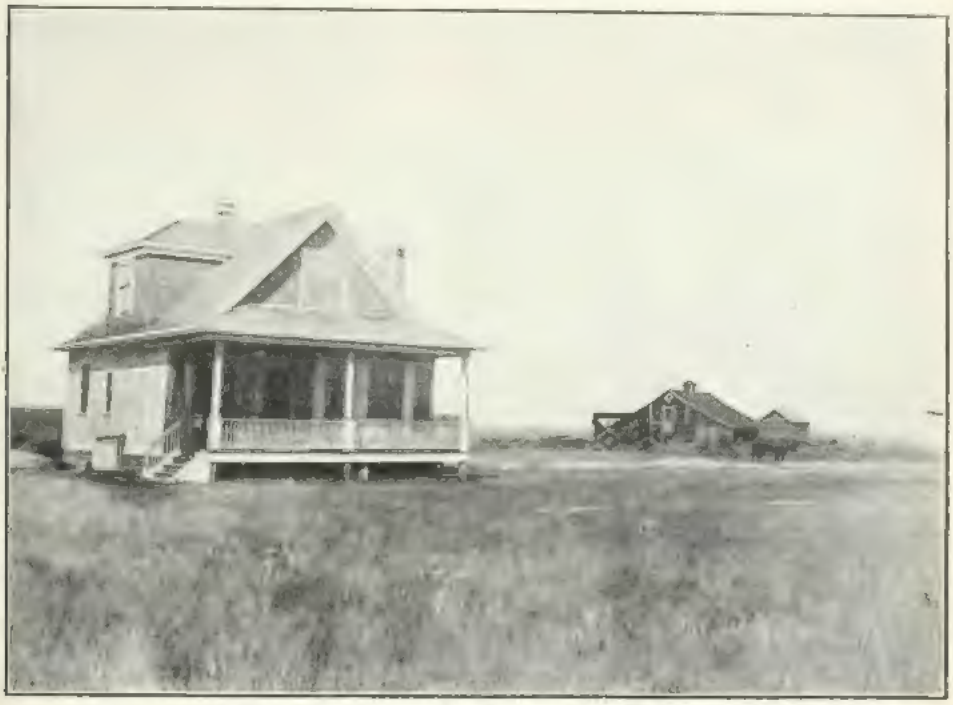
Now, there are over five thousand miles of track in operation through a region which in 1906 produced nearly one hundred million bushels of wheat, and which shipped—for export alone—some eighty thousand head of cattle.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was, of course, the real pioneer, throwing open to the world its last Great West, carrying on its work of construction and development in the face of obstacles which, in any other country, would have spelled failure for any enterprise; but this railway has won an empire from a wilderness and has turned defeat into a tremendous success. To-day, in a desperate effort

to meet the requirements of the region through which it runs, this railway is building eight new branches. Its orders for rolling stock equipment amounted last year to $11,808,751, and it spent in the West alone in the neighborhood of twenty millions of dollars in improvements and new works. The railway is indeed moving fast, but the incoming settlers are moving faster.

In all that the road has done for upbuilding Western Canada, it has had in mind the permanent prosperity of the settler. The plan has been to create every possible element of success in the way of transportation auxiliaries to successful cultivation of the soil, harvesting of the crop and converting it into cash. From colonization of the empty prairies to cultivation of profitable crops and converting them into cash, the policy of the road has been to co-operate with the incoming population to the best of its ability. It has gone far beyond the usual sphere of a transportation company.

Every possible co-operation is given to enable the settler to get the most possible out of the soil. The Dominion Government, the Provincial Governments, and the railways each endeavor to bring to the cultivator of the soil definite information of seeds, methods of cultivation, care of crops, etc., etc. Seeds are sought which are best for the soil and climate. These are brought in and given to the farmer almost without financial consideration. He is shown how to plant the seed and how to care for the ground. Special trains have been sent through the country with seeds and with instructions.



MODERN HOMES REPLACE THE SHACKS OF THE PIONEERS. THE RAILWAYS BRING LUMBER MILL-WORK AND SHINGLES TO THE TIMBERLESS PRAIRIES

Nothing is left to chance. Organized effort eliminates risk as nearly as the enormous resources at the disposal of the Government and of the railroad, can accomplish it. The aim is to make profitable crops a certainty in Western Canada.

How enormous is the crop which the Canadian railways are working like beavers to handle may be realized when it is said that more than once last year

the daily receipts of wheat at Winnipeg exceeded the combined daily receipts at Duluth, Minneapolis and Chicago. Next year the acreage under crop will be greatly increased, and so the total yield. Each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and, by the time the railways now under construction are completed, there will be need of more; for, with all of this wonderful progress, the development of the Canadian West has just begun.

Is it any wonder, then, that thousands of men are being employed, and millions of money being expended in the construction of new lines which will be needed to assist in the movement of the crop of 1908?

With the tremendous undeveloped natural resources of Canada and the blessings incident to railway regulations such as these, there can be found no better field for capital seeking investment. Perhaps the fairest indication of hearty co-operation with the Government by the railways, and likewise of a firm belief in Canada's present and future prosperity, is the tremendous amount of railway construction going on to-day.

SUMMER

BY ENNIS GRAHAM

FULL summer now—the genial hours
Lend radiant noon to glowing night.
Full summer—see the gleaming flowers
Basking in the fervid light,
And love, too, has its perfect noon,
Its summer sun, its summer moon;
In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
My triumph lies—there love is seen.

THE SHOP OF THE SIX HANDS

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "A Sermon and a Sinner," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

"ISN'T it queer, old man, how we keep harking back to first things," said Billy Kentland, halting the small coffee cup on its way to his lips. "Just now, when I caught sight of your old mug there in the reading room, after all these years, it hit me the same way as the first time I ever saw you at college. A few days before, I'd watched Leyendecker blocking out a cover design for the college number of a magazine—a figure of an athlete: big, hulking shoulders—face mostly nose and chin—a kind of on-the-square, done-in-the-rough, to-be-filled-in-later sort of business that came right up at you in bold strokes. 'Here's my blocked-out college poster man!' I said to myself the second I sat eyes on you, there at the campus. There's been a lot of filling in done on the waste places of your face since then, Rufe, but—same old nose, chin, shoulders! Tell 'em a mile off. And they look like money from home."

Rufus Fair smiled indulgently at this comment from his old chum. He could afford to stand almost anything, he felt. Here he was back in "God's country" after seven years of exile in Mexico, he had made his stake early—a big one—and he was sitting once more in the club with Billy—loyal, bubbling exuberant Billy—opposite him; and he was going to tell Billy all about how it happened.

"Just give the high sign to Buttons over there," remarked Rufe. "I want a Pantella." Then, very incidentally, he added: "By the way, whatever became of the Bronson girl, the one——"

"Yes; *the* one," cut in Billy. "I always suspected it but I was never sure 'till now. When a man puts 'by the way' in front of a girl's name, it's time to sit up and take notice. Oh: things are coming your way, all right, to-day; you run across me here at the club first thing—then ask for a 'by-the-way girl,' who is just home from two years in Europe and happens to be right next door. She's in the Arts and Crafts Building, and you can be in her studio in two minutes. But you've got to tell me a lot of things first—she'll keep."

"Studio?" repeated the returned wanderer. "I didn't suppose Stella Bronson had the suspicion of an artistic impulse. When I knew her she was just—well—just a nice, plain, jolly girl without any frills—and not so *plain* either, when it came to looks. But what is this studio?"

Some sort of a hand-made stunt she's joined—beaters of brass, bruisers of leather or singers of wood—anything that takes lots of tools and talk and tea—Oh! I don't know! Anyhow, it's done in a shop' and swell society, and every knock of the hammer is heard in the newspapers and is a boost for the Larger Life. But come on—tell me about your blooming old mine—what's the name of it?"

[illegible]

"Good thing?"

"Rather!" laughed Rufus. "One of the biggest producers in Mexico. Wouldn't say this to anybody but you, Billy—but the fact is that it's put me where most anything else is more interesting to me than money."

"By George: Rufe, that's great! Bully! I'd no idea that it was so good as that. Then you don't have to go back?"

"Never—unless I can't find enough

to interest me around here—and I guess I can'

"I guess!" laughed Billy "Now I'm going to hustle back to the factory and leave you to do a little -prospecting! You know the leisure class here in Toronto consists of three persons The rest of us work—no matter if 'father' does happen to be on the directory or own the concern. But I'll see you again at the house, this evening You're going to put up with me while you're here, you know."

It was two-thirty and Billy had gone The young wanderer from the West pulled himself together for a preliminary reconnoissance in the Arts and Crafts Building. As he entered the cool lobby, with its walls of yellow tinted marble, he encountered a trio of girls carrying music rolls and all talking at once to a gaunt, solemn man, whose black hair almost touched his shoulders "But such *expression:* Such soul Such ——" he heard the oldest of the trio exclaim

' Do you believe all the awful stories they tell about him?" interrupted the smallest girl

Then they were out of earshot and Fair began to look about for the office directory Everywhere were pictures —fine old prints, etchings by Zorn, photographs in warm sepia tones, and a dry point, by Schneider, of a society girl whom Fair instantly recognized

Seeing the trim, uniformed figure of the "starter" standing in front of a Japanese poster, the man from the West inquired for the studio of Miss Bronson

' Seven ten -Shop of the Six Hands!" was the answer

' This is sure the centre of Sweetness and Light," was Fair's mental comment as the elevator ascended and he glanced at its occupants, a spindling boy, with a violin, who seemed lost between the spreading skirts of two grand dames of society who were discussing the ethical course of the club's extension movement; a tailormade actress who told her companion that she always took her physical culture training at two-forty five excepting on matinee day; a pair of fluffy chorus girls who primped in the glass, hummed gay little trills and made their connection with the [illegible] shadowy man with dark Jer[illegible]

At the club floor, with its triangle of high-backed seats in settle effect, one of the grand dames stepped outside the elevator and clung to the hand of her friend who still remained in the car

"No, to morrow," she was smilingly explaining. "I have a committee meeting and after that I dine with Mrs. Oakley-Tuffts, but sometime later ——"

"Going up! Going up!" interrupted the elevator man with the wearied voice of one dealing with a familiar and hopeless source of irritation

Finally, when Fair heard his floor called, he managed to squeeze out of the doorway between the two divinities of the chorus who were doing a *soto voce* selection from the "Dato of Bing Bong."

Half way down the cool hall in conspicuously small letters upon a frosted door glass, he encountered the sign, *Shop of the Six Hands* Below this line was a mysterious symbol which made him mentally comment

"Inner seal. Has the girl gone into the hand-made biscuit business?" Then in a lower corner of the glass he read, "Enter."

He hesitated—then smiled and said to himself: "I'll do it and see if she knows me. The sign says to come in and she can't blame me for obeying written instructions "

With a light, hurried rap he pushed open the door and found himself in a room which seemed to him a cross between a cabinet-maker's shop and the den of a Harvard undergraduate of comfortable stipend. The German prints on the wall,were beyond criticism from an artistic standpoint—but he could not quite imagine his mother giving them a place on the walls of her home. The centre of the room was occupied by a contrivance which suggested a gymnasium horse fitted with jaws; a low bench crossed the end of the room just below the window and was littered with glue pots, scraps of bright colored skins, stacks of the leaves of unbound books, tools like delicate chisels, a frame strung with

dangling strings, a small iron press and several devices which he took to be cabinet-makers' clamps, and various tools which resembled kitchen chopping knives with unnaturally keen edges

girls. I feel that at last I have really *found* myself Already I begin to realize what a dreadful waste life would be without work with the hands Colden-Sanderson says

Drawn by Frederick Nowark

I MADE NO ATTEMPT

In the instant required for him to gather this impression from the room he caught the mingled smell of tea and cigarettes and heard a voice from behind the big screen saying

'Oh: Isn't it a *dear?* Do you know,

Somebody came in," interrupted a voice, which Fair at once recognized

'See who it is, Stella, dear," replied the first speaker, adding in a lower tone

I do hope it is somebody who is—in sympathy—I feel so in harmony with

the work I simply can't bear the thought of intrusion

"Why, *Rufus Fair!*" This exclamation from the dark, oval-faced girl who came forward from behind the screen was tame in its note of astonishment to that which the caller would have expressed had he not been schooled to hide any strong emotion with an inscrutable facial mask and with a quiet steady voice that breathed only of serene self-command. If the flush of her cheek was from any sense of confusion, rather than surprise, her composure was restored by his complacency. She made no attempt to conceal the cigarette in her left hand, but exclaimed

"How good of you to look me up! You are just in time for tea. Come and meet my shop mates." Led behind the screen he was introduced to a tall, slender, very effeminate and silken young widow, Mrs. Everingham, who was evidently doing her best to be a man under the handicap of extreme feminine endowment. Just a delicate shading of difference in the tone which Stella employed in introducing her old friend to the petite and rosy little Miss Cross. Miss Elaine Cross seemed to give him the opportunity to draw the conclusion that, although some persons might recognize a social difference between this small and dimpled girl and her associates, the democracy of the shop, the fraternity of the craft, forbade social distinctions—excepting to show that they were *not* drawn.

"May I join you?" asked Fair, glancing at Stella and reaching for a cigarette in the box before her.

She pushed the box and candle towards him, and banteringly asked: "Now confess: You never expected to find me devoting my time to a Purpose—spelled with a capital, did you? I always told you that you never did me justice. So long as I'd laugh at your funny talk and then say foolish things myself for you to laugh at, you considered that I was fulfilling my highest mission in life."

"Well," responded Fair, with a laughing half-gravity, "your missionary efforts suited me all right, I confess. Perhaps if they had been on any higher plane they'd have gone clear over my head."

"But don't tell me that you're not interested in what I am doing now!" she exclaimed, with pretty anxiety. "The sympathy of old friends means so much to a frivolous girl who has finally found a work into which she can put her whole life. I'm *perfectly devoted* to it. Mrs. Everingham and Elaine will tell you so. There is something in expressing oneself in work with the hands that——"

"You have the spirit, my child," quickly interrupted Mrs. Everingham, as she passed Fair a cup of tea, "but perhaps I am a *little* more familiar with the letter of our craft. You know what the great master-builder says?"

"Who's he?" bluntly inquired Fair, in response to the glance which the head of the shop turned upon him. A subtle shading of voice in her answer seemed to express, in the same breath, reverence for the name spoken and a slight shock at the ignorance prompting the question.

"Cobden Sanderson—we feel that there is no other master. Don't you think that he expresses it *wonderfully* when he says that, 'The Book Beautiful may be beautiful by virtue of its writing, of printing, of illumination, it also may be beautiful or even more beautiful by the union of all of the production of the one composite whole, the consummate Book Beautiful. Then comes in attendance upon it strife for the love of the idea to be itself beautiful, the written or printed page, the decorated or decorative letters, the pictures, set amid the book and finally the binding, holding the whole in its strong grip and for very love against itself becoming beautiful because in common with the idea. This is the supreme Book Beautiful, the idea. Look a dream, a symbol of the infinite beautiful in which all things of beauty rest, and into which all things of beauty do ultimately merge.' Oh, I think he's sublime when he deals with the spirit of art!"

"Well; I never thought of it just that way," responded Fair, solemnly, "but it sounds as if he knew all about it. The fact is, I never thought about

it at all. You see, I've been seven years an exile from the softening influences of civilization—went straight from college to the mountains of Mexico and have been there ever since until I'm a seasoned barbarian."

"But you must feel the beauty of work—work with the hands," suggested Stella. "And then Art speaks with a universal language don't you think? What was it that *he* said about not needing anything ——"

"'Artists should not,'" promptly quoted Mrs. Everingham, "'need the guidance of anything outside themselves, as artists should, as artists, realize that the world of Art is a common weal, and that the most beautiful art is a composite work, higher than the art of each and that the art of each is contributory, only to be exercised in due subordination to the ideal which is the creation of all.'"

"Have you got any of your work about?" inquired Fair, laying the butt of his cigarette on the hand hammered tray. "I'd really like to see some of it," he added, glancing at Stella and vaguely trying to readjust himself to the change which he saw in her—or was it more a change in her environment?

"Unfortunately," volunteered Mrs. Everingham, "everything we have finished has gone out. The only thing in hand is a copy of Sappho, and that is just now in the forwarding a very unattractive stage to the layman, but a *perfectly fascinating* process to the worker.

"Anyhow," suggested Stella, "we can show him the lovely Niger Morocco that it's going to be done in."

"Certainly dear," was the prompt second, "it's such an *expressive* red so perfectly suitable for a book of love To tell the truth, Mr. Fair, the Shop of the Six Hands is the envy of every other bindery because of our Niger Morocco importations -and our ex-

They -the others—are simply furious because of the lead it gives us—and we don't blame them! You will know what this means when I tell you that we are doing a rare print of Cobden-Sanderson's 'The Book Beautiful,' in Niger for the wonderful collection

A merciful knock at the door and the sudden entrance of a bevy of society people, of semi-bohemian celebrity, put a period to the unfinished sentence and ve Fair a chance to say to Stella "When are you going to let me call at the house and renew old times?"

"To-morrow night," she answered, "but you will always find me here Run in often. We keep open house In fact, the newspapers say the shop is quite the thing in a social way so you will be likely to meet a good many pleasant people—and perhaps you will become interested in the work, too."

"Will you let me help on something I don't want to hinder and block the wheels of progress, you know."

She laughed her old-time, merry school girl laugh as she answered:

"Yes, you may turn the screws on the big press. That's a man's job, anyway."

Carefully evading the chattering group at the bench upon which were heaped the precious expensive skins, he made his exit, with a parting nod to Stella

"Look here, Billy," he exclaimed, as they sat in the smoking room that evening, "what's got into this old town, anyway and everybody in it?"

"Been up to the Shop, I see," commented Billy. "Got the message straight from the grand hyphenated master, eh? Sublimely expressive, isn't it? And did you notice anybody doing overtime work with the hands—except vocall

"Why no. I didn't"

"But perhaps you struck one of the soul feasts, one of the sublimated cigarette seances, when the sanctuary of the Beautiful is opened to the worship of the elect"

"Right in the middle of it!" confessed Rufus, with a touch of shamefacedness

"I got up against it -once," returned Billy, "but since then I've always gone back to my office—mighty well satisfied to do a little work with the head and make my social calls on Stella and Elaine at the house When I invade the Shop of the Six Mitts again, old

man, I hope they will stitch me proper, put a hand tied head band on me, run me through the press, tool me to a finish and lay me away in crushed levant Stella is all right - and so is the little red-headed Briton from Battersea—but no more Book Beautiful for Billy! I'm not up to the Cobden-Sanderson Curves, and just plain business and a little unregenerated society on the side will do for me."

But no such rebellious liberty remained for the man from the West He stripped the wrappings from a bundle of books he had brought home with him, and when Billy saw the titles he sent up a shout of derision

"'Book Binders and Their Craft,'" he read from the first cover, and laughed as if he had caught his friend in the act of stealing sheep But when he snatched the second volume from the stack he fairly yelled with mirth "'Love Is Enough,' by William Morris," he read aloud. "Rufe, you certainly are stung! To think of you the best stroke oar we ever had—deliberately soaking himself with the technical lore of Miss Prideaux and the lofty æsthetics of William Morris in order to get a stand-in at the Cigarette Seance of the Amalgamated Hand Workers—Oh! But it's lovely! You are a living proof of the truth of that title Love that's enough for such debasement, Rufe, is certainly enough! One distinguished collector of fine bindings in this town has a volume bound in human skin. I can see your finish old man! Before this thing's through, you'll be offering up on the altar of Love and Art whole chunks of your epidermis—and smiling sweetly as they lift it from your devoted back. Rufe, you've simply got the worst case I ever saw on land or sea."

Fair only smiled brazenly, refused an invitation to go motoring, and buried his nose in Miss Prideaux's illumination of the binder's art. On returning from Lorne Park, Billy found him still at the book. And in the morning the young mine owner began a business like attack upon that hive of æsthetic sweetness, "Love Is Enough."

Before the week was over—and also before he had called again at the Shop of the Six Hands Fair could tell a double from an end sheet, and knew that to use a head band not tied with hands was an artistic heresy little short of æsthetic blasphemy. And when he made the second call upon the hand workers he betrayed a familiarity which struck speechless astonishment to the lips of Stella and caused Mrs. Everingham coyly to shake her jewelled finger at him and exclaim:

"Mr. Fair! You are simply the *cleverest deceiver* I ever saw. The other day you made us believe you had never heard of Cobden-Sanderson—and now I am sure you know quite as much about the master binders as we do I simply suspect you've been a discriminating collector all your life and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that you are really one of the craft. Now, tell the truth, sir! Haven't you had a shop in connection with your mine and practiced the art just as a pastime for the uplift—to keep you in touch with the higher influences? Confess it

But Fair modestly denied the impeachment—and noted with some satisfaction that his disclaimer failed to carry conviction Before Stella recovered her powers of speech, Mrs Everingham dropped into a pensive tone and continued:

"There is no cure for loneliness like it. I took it up after dear Jack's death when I was, oh! *so* wretched, and it has brought such a perfectly sweet sense of companionship. I am sure I should have simply *died* if it had not been for the precious impulse that came from work with the hands

Fair was not given to flinching; he had faced many a so'wester before he drifted southward and down across the Rio Grande; but a threat of feminine tears was always enough to stampede him on the instant So he made his escape by abruptly inviting Stella and Elaine to luncheon at McConkey's, and suggested that they go at once as he had an early afternoon appointment.

During the luncheon Stella was a trifle abstracted and silent, and the burden of conversation fell upon the little English girl. She talked sur-

ingly well and before he was aware Fair found himself on uncommonly good terms with her. They had been fortunate enough to get a seat by the window, and a shaft of sunlight struck directly into the crinkly auburn tangle that framed her clear-cut features. He could not keep his eyes from the rich, irridescent riot of color under the brim of the chic little straw sailor hat, and he was even ingenuous enough to ask her how she accounted for the generally fresh complexions of English girls

"How many English girls have you ever seen, Rufus?" laughingly asked Stella, arousing a moment from her revery

"Why—not very many," he responded with surprise. "In fact, not more than half a dozen, all told, I suppose. And most of those—now that I come to think of it, had skins of calcimined mud."

This brought a general laugh and a very rosy blush spread up from the neck of Elaine—and did not escape the attention of Fair. Before they left the luncheon table Fair had invited the shop-mates to attend the theatre that evening and left them at the street door to go after the tickets

The play was an English comedy—a fact which seemed to call forth considerable comment from the Briton member of the trio. In fact, Stella's mood of abstraction seemed even more complete than in the afternoon. But if Fair noticed this he gave no sign of it and made no attempt to rouse her, being apparently satisfied to listen to the oral leaves from a London notebook offered in the low and pleasing voice of Elaine.

Frequently, but not too frequently, Rufus Fair dropped in at the Shop of the Six Hands, smoked cigarettes with the disciples of Cobden-Sanderson, and gave further demonstration of his familiarity with the inner secrets of the craft and protested his complete conversion to the love of the Beautiful But, however, his evidences of erudition and interest did not appear to arouse in Stella the compensating response he had looked for, although the widow was politely rapturous over his progress and laughingly proposed to adopt him into the artistic family

Once Stella allowed him to turn the screws of the big press, and for an instant the old-time glint came into her dark eyes and the evasive dimple, which only showed when she really laughed, came for a second upon the soft olive surface of her cheek

"Stella," he exclaimed, "for a second then, you looked just like your old self the rollicking, saucy bunch of girl-mischief that you used to be when you set the pace for the co-eds"

"What- have I grown so old—changed so much as all that? My! but you are frank You used to be able to pay a real nice compliment: but I'm afraid mining is not exactly a post-graduate course in diplomacy"

Just as the word that "the little widow" had made a "new find" began to percolate through the whole chain of shops and studios and it was whispered that the young mine owner from Mexico was a Crœsus of the first order, he suddenly left Toronto for a touring trip with Billy Kentland, with whom he had taken up his abode for the old family home on Jarvis street had long since been closed, and the father and mother were living luxuriously in the South of France

Being wise in the affairs of the heart, Billy had ceased to badger his chum on the subject of his artistic affiliations and the matter of work with hands was not mentioned during the whole of their outing. The fact that Fair did not introduce the subject, but was moody and preoccupied, told quite enough for the keen perceptions of Billy—who mentally remarked: "There is some trouble with the sparker in that combination. When we get back I am going to give the crank a little turn myself and see if I can't get things going a bit"

Before they had quite completed their run, Rufus asked:

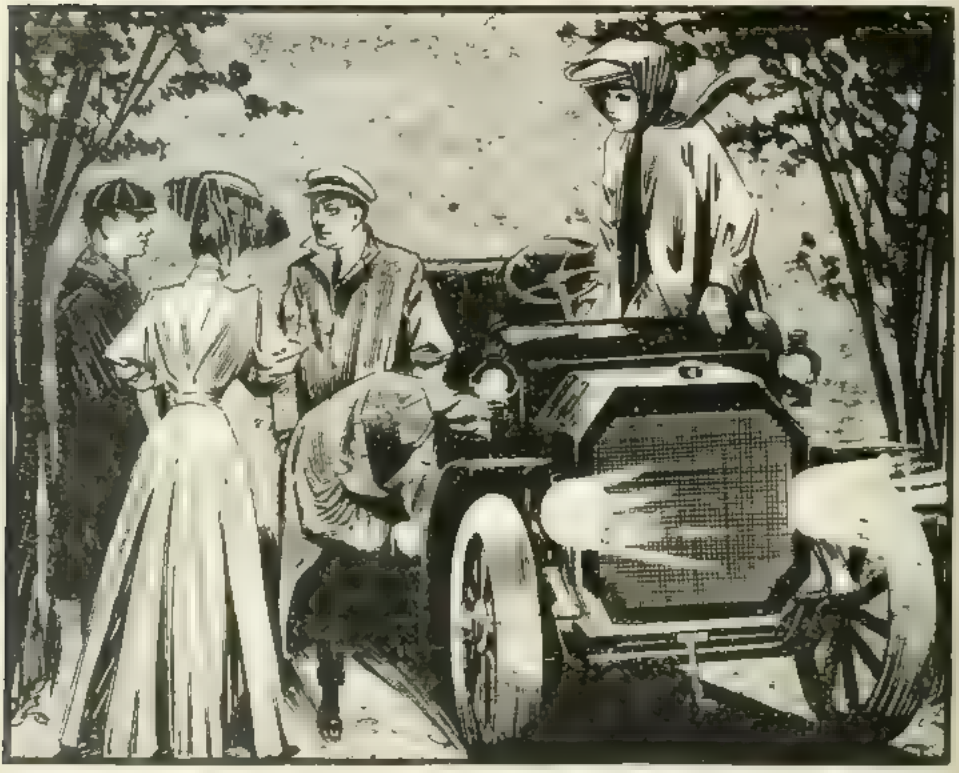
"Are you dead set on finishing this thing according to schedule, Billy? Of course, if you want to stick to the trail clean to the end, then I'm with you. But if it's all the same to you, Billy, I'm ready to go back

"Back it is then'" responded Billy,

big touring car
he could slow
Toronto again, Rufus
t the Shop

berries are ripe and we will get some fresh from the gardens

"Yes," she answered simpl
no effort to conceal her pleasu
I'll have to leave at once to b



Blaine quickly pressed him into service in helping her forward the new book

new machine without warning, gave vent to a hair-raising line of explosions ending in a series of

en came to an abrupt halt

"Hello, Rufe. Has she balked on the trial stretch?" The two pals greeted each other with apparent cordiality, while the men gave themselves up to an examination of the disabled machine. Finally Billy announced

No use, Rufe! You'll have to get in with us while

place of Elsie she was dropped and Rutus stayed with the

"I'll have to leave you here" claimed Bill as they approached Sally's home and hurry on to the an help keeping him there

adopted, the less and heavy When they reached

quick answer as she hurried inside Rufus had ample time for reflection before she reappeared. In the dim light, as she dropped the cushions upon the broad stairs he was not certain that her eyes showed traces of tears but his suspicions pointed strongly to that conclusion

As she sat there on the top step close beside him, her dainty head dropped musingly forward and her eyes apparently fixed upon the tips of her white shoes which peeped from the edge of her skirt, he looked into her face so long and so searchingly that he could see the color spreading over her dark cheeks

"You are tired," he said, "you stick too close to that shop."

"Shop!" she exclaimed explosively. "I *hate* the shop: I'm sick of all the stuff and twaddle that's talked there from morning till night And I simply *detest* the taste of cigarettes—and despise the women that smoke them myself included."

Then her eyes flashed out with the old gleam he had once seen in them when her spunk had been stirred by a bit of snobbery on the part of a co-ed

"You can have my place in the Shop of the Six Hands Rufus Fair, for I'm going to *strike!* There's going to be a walkout to-morrow morning, so far as these two little hands are concerned Those who want the Larger Life can have it—all they want of it—but I'm going to lead the frivolous life and try to feel like myself once more I wonder how I ever did get pulled into it, anyway

"Yes?" prompted her astounded listener, still staring into her snapping eyes

She responded instantly to the spur and continued

"Yes—and I might have dawdled along in it and thought it 'perfectly fascinating' if—if—if you hadn't opened my eyes to it all by your silliness It's one thing to see women feed on that kind of æsthetic breakfast food—but to have a big, strong man of the world who has done things and *has* to come round and eat out of their hands and seem to like it—that makes me *sick!*"

"Bully!" exclaimed the owner of the Stelita "Bully! It's worked all right! You don't belong to the Sublimated Cigarette Seance after all! I couldn't quite believe it any of the time, but you put up such a good imitation ——"

"Imitation?" 'Worked all right?' What do you mean?"

He moved closer to the astonished girl, calmly took possession of her hands and replied

"Stella Bronson, I mean just this: I wasn't a bit more up in the air with joy the day I struck the ore vein in the Stelita—my mine—than I am to-night to find that all this rot you've been putting on isn't you or what you care for, and that you've got the sense and the grit to come and shake it off I named the mine after you and I came back here to find you and *get* you. I'm used to high altitudes, and my lungs and heart have stood an elevation of 12 000 feet but the Cobden-Sanderson atmosphere was a little too exalted and thin for me I couldn't breathe it and continue to work with the head. And forgive me, Stella—I just had to wait and find out if you really did belong to the color scheme of Niger Morocc tanned in cigarette smoke. But, thank God, you don't! And now, girl, I want you to come with me and set up the Shop of the Four Hands, where we do work with the heart Will you?"

Her eyes flashed with the old dancing lights that he had carried in his memory through seven years of Mexican exile and her laugh had the ring that matched these lights as she answered

"Yes, Rufus if you'll promise to have anything in it that isn't strictly machine-made a trade mark on it

"Everything but this, dear," he promised, as his lips touched hers, and he added: "but you *are* the *Girl Beautiful*—you can't help that!"

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

XIV.

THIS morning when that homely, long-legged clerk
Come in, he had a rose he got somewhere,
He went and kind of leaned against her chair,
Instead of goin' on about his work,
And stood around and talked to her awhile,
Because the boss was out,—and both took care
To watch the door, and when he left her there
He dropped the flower with a sickish smile

I snuck it from the glass of water she
Had stuck it in, and tore it up and put
It on the floor and smashed it with my foot,
When neither him nor her was watchin' me—
I'd like to rub the stem acrost his nose,
And I wish they'd never be another rose.

XV.

YESTERDAY I watched you when you set
There with your little lunch-box in your lap;
I seen you nibble at a ginger snap,
And wished that where your lips had made it wet
I'd have a chance to take a bite and let
My mouth be right where yours was before;
And after you had got your apple e't,
And was n't lookin', I picked up the core

I pressed my mouth against it then, and so
It seemed almost the same as kissin' you,
Your teeth had touched it, and your red lips, too,
And it was good and tasted sweet, and, oh,
I wished you'd bring an apple every day
And I could have the cores you d throw away.

XVI.

I WISH, when you was through your work some night
And goin' home alone, and had your pay
Stuck in your stockin' what you drew that day
A robber'd come along with all his might
And you'd be nearly scared to death, and right
There in the street you'd almost faint and say,
"Good robber, please don't hurt me—go away!"
And as he grabbed you then I'd come in sight

I wish I'd be as strong as two or three
Big giants then, and when I handed one
Out to him he'd be through, all in, and done,
And then you'd look and see that it was me,
And, thinkin' of the great escape you had,
You'd snuggle in my arms and just be glad

XVII.

HER brother come this morning with a note
What said that she was home and sick in bed,
She's got an awful bad cold in her head—
They think it might run into the sore throat,
And oh, what if she'd not come back again
And they would get some other girl instead
Of her to typewrite here, and she'd be dead?
I wouldn't care no more for nothin' then.

I wish I was the doctor that they'd get
And when I'd take her pulse I'd hold her hand
And say, "Poor little girl!" to her, and set
Beside the bed awhile and kind of let
My arm go 'round her, slow and careful, and
Say, "Now put out your tongue a little, pet"

XVIII.

SHE'S back to work again. I'm awful glad,
When she was sick it seemed to me as though
The clocks all got to goin' kind of slow,
And every key she pounds looked kind of sad
It's tough to have to hear her coughin' so—
I wish that I could take her cold and she
Would know I took it, and not have to blow
Her nose no more, and be as well as me.

Drawn by Florence Preis

JUST LOVIN', AND I'D GO AND GATHER FLOWERS
AND PILE THEM AT HER FEET ALL IN A HEAP

She takes some kind of cough stuff in a spoon,
I seen her lickin' it this morning when
She took a dose and put it down again,
And when the rest went out awhile at noon
I got her spoon and licked it, and it seemed
As though it all was something nice I dreamed.

XIX.

LAST night I dreamed about her in my sleep,
I thought that her and me had went away
Out on some hill where birds sung 'round all day
And I had got a job of herdin' sheep
I thought that she had went along to keep
Me comp'ny, and we'd set around for hours
Just lovin', and I'd go and gather flowers
And pile them at her feet all in a heap

It seemed to me like heaven, bein' there
With only her besides the sheep and birds,
And us not sayin' anything but words
About the way we loved. I wouldn't care
To ever wake again if I could still
Dream we was there forever on the hill.

XX.

THIS morning when we come to work I got
Jammed in the elevator back of you, and there
They made you stick your elbow in me where
The mince pie lands, the lunch that I had brought
Was all smashed flat, but still I didn't care,
You leaned against me, for you couldn't stand
Because the ones in front were crowdin' and
My nose was pressed deep into your back hair

I wish we'd had to go ten times as high,
Or else that we'd be shootin' upward yet,
And never stop no more until we'd get
Away above the clouds and in the sky,
And you'd lean back forevermore and let
Your hairpins always jab me in the eye

Drawn by Florence Pretz

THIS MORNING WHEN WE COME TO WORK I GOT
JAMMED IN THE ELEVATOR BACK OF YOU —

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M.A., PH.D

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order"

FOURTH PAPER

A LOVING God is the heart of the Gospel. To think of God as unloving, to act as if He were a tyrant, to endeavor to placate Him as if He were angry, all this is the survival of heathenism. God is love. That is the basal fact in the teaching of Jesus. Almost commonplace as is this conception to us, to the Jew and to the Greek of the days of Jesus it was a revelation. Not that the Old Testament fails to set forth the love of Jehovah, promises of forgiveness, offering of assistance. Divine love indeed is there, but it is the love of Jehovah for Israel alone. Open the Old Testament at any page and you will find that the Jew did not think of God as being merely like a king, but as actually being a king. The law which every Jew observed and taught his children to observe was the actual work of the finger of God. Any communication between the individual and Jehovah was to be upon the conditions of recognizing that He was the King of the Jewish people. The individual came to Jehovah only as a citizen; God was the Father of a nation.

Jesus ended all this nationalization of piety. With Him God was not a king, but neither was He said actually to be anything else. For Jesus does not define God; He describes his character. He is a father. But obviously this is a term born of analogy and not of philosophy. It sets forth God's infinite fatherliness, not His fatherhood. And that means love; it means the possibility of reconciliation; it means a willingness to forgive.

But it was impossible for the early followers of Jesus to escape the forensic, monarchical conception. It was forced upon them as an intellectual heritage. It was their way of describing to their fellow Jews the fact Jesus had told so simply. He spoke of a father rushing to welcome the prodigal son as he came in sight of home: they spoke of a man's being acquitted at the great judgment day by a loving God Who had maintained His reputation for regard of law by allowing His Christ to die.

I

It was their regard for penalty that gave moral intensity to the Hebrew prophets and law-givers. It was their spirit that Pharisaism socialized in the time of Jesus. But there was this difference: instead of punishment in the present age alone, the Jew of the New Testament times looked forward to a place and time of suffering for all those who, whether angels, giants, or men, had violated the law of God. The day of judgment swept across the entire horizon of the future. The idea of cause and effect was unknown, and the idea of law was inseparable from that of sovereignty. There was but one way to conceive of the consequences of wrong-doing—that drawn from the trials in the market-place or at the Court of Cæsar. A man's future became a matter of legal procedure. If he could plead his cause well before the bar of Jehovah, he would be acquitted at the judgment day; if he could not, he would be condemned. It would be useless for him to appeal to mercy, for all his deeds had been written down in a book and this record he would sign. The verdict pronounced upon him depended upon whether the majority of his deeds was good or bad. Jehovah's mercy covered only that minority which was to go unpunished.

It is out from this forensic conception of God, so clearly an analogy drawn

from human rulers, that the doctrine of justification by faith is drawn. To "justify", as our scholars all but unanimously affirm, is not to make people righteous, but to declare and treat as righteous; that is, to acquit, to remit penalty. It is in a way, figurative.

Before the Apostles, as before all their contemporaries, was the terrible day when men were to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, the representative of God, to have sentence passed upon the deeds done in the body. For those who thus were placed on trial, Paul, like all his fellow-Christians, could see no hope except in the mercy of the judge. His acute mind rejected any acquittal dependent on the fact that a majority of the deeds of one's life might be good, and insisted that the law provided only its curse of death for those who did not keep all of its provisions. The other New Testament writers took the same position. To their minds it was not commands that were broken or kept, but one great law, which was as truly broken if violated once as if violated in fifty-one per cent. of a man's actions. The great problem which was over against the Jew was over against the Christian. He did not settle it before he believed; it confronted him in consequence of the experiences born of his faith. How was it possible for anyone still morally imperfect to escape the sentence of death at the world assize, to share in the promised salvation and pass over into glories of the new kingdom? He knew he was saved, but how?

This simple question suggested the first attempt to systematize the facts of Christian experience, perhaps the most profoundly philosophical in a prescientific age. Its answer is this: God remits the penalty of those who accept Jesus as Christ, because He loves them. He who has accepted Jesus as Christ is through God's love treated as a member of the future kingdom. He therefore has already passed from death to life, and is certain not to be condemned at the judgment. He is justified not by his deeds, but by his faith in Jesus.

The evidence of this teaching was precisely the fact that had occasioned the question. A man was not conscious of acquittal, for, strictly speaking, the acquittal was an act of God and had not as yet taken place, but the moment he accepted Jesus as Christ, he was conscious of the fact that he was treated as a real member of the kingdom; he received the gift of the Spirit, the first installment of his inheritance of life. It would be inconceivable, argues Paul, that this spiritual experience could be given by God to those whom He would later condemn Only those who were saved would enter the heavenly kingdom, and he who had accepted Jesus as Christ was already sharing in the life of that kingdom. He was, therefore, saved. Thus the answer to the question as to the outcome of the judgment, though in itself more or less academic, is answered by Paul by an appeal to the fact of a loving God and a religious experience as the part of those who are reconciled to Him through choosing Jesus as Christ. The experience of God following faith in Jesus argued that God in His love had remitted the believers' penalty of death and hell.

II

So simple and consistent a scheme is entirely intelligible to the modern man, but he cannot help querying what there is in it for his own moral and religious life. His fundamental conception of the universe makes it difficult for him to respond to the idea of God as a great monarch who establishes days of trial and passes individual sentence upon millions of lives. His ideas of law makes it hard for him to think of a remitted penalty in the moral world. Yet he has but to strip away the forensic figures to see in the historic doctrine its lasting and simple message of joy. His difficulties are, after all, due to new modes of thought. Moral questions are no longer conceived of in terms of the law court and a king They, like all other problems of the universe, can be thought of by the modern man only in the terms of natural law, of organism and environment.

Has, then, this teaching of Paul no

meaning for the modern man? And is it, precisely understood, no part of the modern preacher's message? We cannot so believe. To-day, as never before, do we need the evangelic assurance that sin may be overcome, that God will give men a better future than their isolated efforts would accomplish. Penalty, the need of divine acquittal, faith in a Christ as a means to such acquittal—these are ways of describing unquestioned facts.

The modern man responds to the fundamental fact that is described in forensic terms as judgment day and penalty. As his equivalent of the judgment he has the law of cause and effect in the moral world, and for the penalty the frightful suffering of the degenerate. Far better than the man of the first century does he appreciate the awful truth that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. Nor can he believe that this law is abrogated by death. For him the world beyond the grave is no more anarchic than the world this side. There, as here, must natural law obtain. If a man's life is to continue beyond the time when the animal in him perishes in death, his future will be joyous or happy in accordance with the degree in which he has been at one with that divine purpose which leads onward rather than backward from the animal. The slave suddenly given freedom can continue to live only under the conditions set by his previous habits and accomplishments. The man suddenly freed from his lower self will rejoice or sorrow, will be happy or miserable, in accordance as he has made his life superior to that element of personality which is forever gone. Degeneration cannot end with death. The great strife which Paul describes as existing between the flesh and the spirit is no phantasy. Its consequent corruption or incorruption are no figures of speech. With all the facts of geology and biology at his command, the modern man sees a still wider sweep for the principle. The brute will die within him, but what if he has trained himself to live in accordance with the impulses that came from the brute? The human soul with habits formed by yielding to purely animal impulses must inevitably suffer when bereft of his animal nature. What must the glutton endure without a body?

Quite as distinctly does the modern man know a loving and forgiving God—a God, however, who is no longer conceived of as a pardoning judge, but as the ever present Soul that carries creation on through successive betterment. As long as we hold to evolution, so long must we believe in eternal beneficence. That universe is not evil in which suffering leads to higher life, in which travail promises joy. But what is this but saying in another way what Jesus said so much more simply when he taught us to call the God of nature Father?

Nor is this all. The modern man accepts sincerely the great truth taught by Jesus and His Disciples, that God must save the man if the man is to be saved. With to-day's physiology teaching him, who would dare say the individual is ever his own unaided savior? Every life has its unearned increment of character. It would have been better or worse had it not been swept on by its environments. The very insistence of the New Testament upon the divine element in salvation makes it the easier for the modern man to welcome it and to understand it. The past is irrevocable except as its consequences are overcome in the future. We want a God to save us—to counterbalance the awful law that in man animal living brings spiritual suffering with the other law that a life of harmony with the divine life brings spiritual strength and growth and joy.

Have we confidence to believe that each of us can share in this regenerating love which works about us? Love we know is at the heart of things, but the love revealed by philosophy and science is a heartless, relentless love that saves the race at the cost of the individual. We ourselves want to be saved. We want the assurance that the forces making towards degeneration in our lives can be overcome by God. Who can give us the assurance that divine love can save the individual man or woman, and who can show us the sort of life implied by such a salvation?

The reply comes from the Gospel: Jesus. We have faith that in Him was the life of God. He is indeed the way, the truth and the life. Knowing Him, we know how to harmonize our life with the great life of God. We simply have to live like our Master. So to live is, as we have seen, to have faith in Jesus. So to live is also to come under the saving power of God The fact that such a divinely regenerate life will be ultimately victorious over passion and sin and death, is to-day's equivalent of that removal of guilt which Paul described as justification.

It is not merely a perfect life of Jesus upon which we base this assurance of ultimate victory. His resurrection furnished the Apostles with the eternal guarantee that death, the penalty of sin, can be overcome by the Divine Spirit. His life and resurrection furnished the modern man with the constant proof of humanity's capacity to triumph over death and evil through union with God's own life. Because He lives, we, who make His life ours, shall live also.

It is easy to see how out from this new certainty of life like that Jesus is now living there must grow duty and obligation, moral strength and achievement, but we are not concerned with them just now, but with the great evangelic fact that in making Jesus supreme in our lives we are assured of a future like His. The fact that we cannot duplicate perfectly His life does not spoil this assurance. No one of us is the Master. But even to try to live like Jesus is to be more in harmony with God. There may be sorrow here, there may be suffering here, because the life of heaven fits itself but painfully to a world in which the fierce animal struggle of the survival of the fittest is not yet complete. But love and sacrifice and service—these, after all, are God like traits, and to acquire Jesus' habit of living in accordance with them is but to make one's life the more susceptible to the regenerating God as He works with unceasing love in every atom and ion of the great universe that reveals Him. Bye and bye the adjustment between the human soul and this saving God will be complete, but until then we have in the experience of Jesus as He passed through death to the better life the assurance of our own release from all those forces that would bring us degeneration and agony. The loving God of the universe will save a man who tries to live like Jesus. Of this we are sure

Man stands between two worlds: the world of the beasts from which he is emerging, the world of God towards which he goes. Except help come to him from God he will slip back into his lower past. With God's help, he moves on. To be so loyal to Jesus as to try to live His life of harmony with the environing of God, and thus to be assured from one's own experience of the divine life that death is but a step forward towards Jesus and his new life —this assurance means to the modern man all that the certainty of acquittal at a world assize meant to Paul. It is but another way of saying again with Apostle and martyr and reformer, "the just shall live by faith." It is no figure, it is a confidence born of facts, and chief among these facts is Jesus.

ALBERTA

BY ARTHUR M. DICKENSON

THE kindly sun sinks in the purple West,
The cool night breeze blows softly o'er the wheat,
The mountains rear their glittering peaks on high,
The beacon lights of heaven illume the sky,
Long 'cross the plain I hear the coyote cry.

PENANCE

BY CY WARMAN

FAR down the Mackenzie River, [illegible] the wheat lands, in the place of the Copper Knives, so named because the natives fashion their table utensils from the clear copper broken from the barrens, there is a strange blending of politics and religion, commerce and matrimony.

Once upon a time there was a head chief of the Copper Knives, who became widowered and wanted a mate. A small band, an off-shoot of the main tribe ruled by Red Dog, the wifeless one, was attached to the Hudson's Bay Post, hunting, fishing and fetching furs to the factor employed by that Honorable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers.

Another branch of the tribe of Red Dog allied themselves to the Free Traders, the commercial rival of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Above and apart from all these bands, there was the Priest. The Church may be likened to the King, the main band, the people, and the two smaller factions the two political parties.

The bereaved Red Dog first took up with a young klutch of his own tribe, but left her for a widow of the Hudson's Bay band. In a little while he wearied of this one as well, and began to mate with a high stepper, another widow of the Free Traders' Tribe.

Came now to the patient Priest the Hudson's Bay Factor, complaining of the [illegible] conduct of Red Dog.

"We [illegible]d he, meaning the Hudson's Bay Company, "are the pioneer band. We were here before the Free Trader [illegible]ther you Father if you don't mind me saying so and the will of the Hudson's Bay [illegible] the law. We have [illegible] to ply with the Indian and have their confidence. The Free Trader is a mere adventurer without interest of any kind in the welfare of your people. Speak to the Chief, Father, and compel him to return to the wife he has abandoned. She is a good hard-working woman. Her pelts are always in good order. This much I hold we are entitled to; to have him return to his woman in our band. Remember, I represent the most ancient and honorable firm."

"I," said the Priest, "trap for an older firm than any of you—Christ and Mary."

"Then you will not help me?"

"I did not say so—I will see."

The Factor had no more than mounted the steps to his store when the Free Trader's scouts came in to acquaint their master of what had taken place. They could give no details, but the mere fact that the Factor, a Protestant, and the Little Father had been together for half an hour was sufficient to induce the Free Trader, himself a Protestant—blown in the bottle—to make a little pilgrimage

"Father," he began, diplomatically, "you are supposed to help the weak as against the strong, the oppressor. I stand for the Opposition, which in politics insures good government, the opposition in trade, which insures fair treatment and fair prices for the products of the wilderness in which we all live."

"Yes, my son," said the Priest.

"Red Dog has abandoned his wife and roams at will, which is a bad example to your young men. In the name of common decency I ask that you compel him to return to our tribe and to his woman, who is one of us. I may be pardoned, I trust, if I suggest that to have the high chief identified with our band will be of incalculable advantage to us, and to Free Traders everywhere."

"I understand," said the Father, "and I will see what can be done."

* * * * *

When the Free Trader had gone his way the Little Father of the wilderness sat thinking, thinking, trying to decide what was best to do under these trying circumstances. A man came suffering from a mysterious malady, unknown to the Indians before the coming of the white man, but the Father understood giving medicine and good advice, bidding him go and sin no more

A weary prospector, coming out overland from the Klondike, called to ask aid. His dogs had died of heat in the Arctic circle, he said, and he had been obliged to *cache* his kit and come on alone. As he talked, he pulled potatoes out of the ground and gulped them down. The Priest took him in and nursed him back to life

When the stranger had been fed, the Little Father sent for Red Dog, Chief of all the Yellow Knives

"Red Dog," said the Priest; "you have been a pretty bad Indian."

Red Dog grunted.

"You are going to get married and settle down," he added, looking into the Indian's face, and talking like a fortune teller, who says: "You are about to start on a long journey."

"I big chief," said Red Dog

"Yes, and ought to know better."

"Red Dog, the chief, will choose his time and place—also his wife."

"The time," said the Priest, "will be Sunday; the place, here; and I will bring the bride and the bridesmaids."

"Red Dog would see the woman!"

"You shall—Sunday."

"And if I refuse?" he asked in Cree.

"You will not refuse. You are a disgrace to your tribe, and must change your mode of living."

"I *do* refuse," said Red Dog, defiantly, and he rose to take his departure

The Priest held him in the grip of his gaze, leaning forward and speaking earnestly.

"Very well, Red Dog. Go your way and I'll have no more of you or your kind. When your people return in the spring with worn moccasins, with torn and bleeding feet, and no furs, they will know why. And the others—the God-fearing and obedient children of the other tribes—will know why the black fox fails always to find the traps set by the followers of Red Dog. I wash my hands of you and yours. Go, and see how you fare—Go!"

Red Dog, sullen and defiant, strode from the room, but he was deeply troubled

There being no fire-water, he could not drown his trouble in drink The best he could do, or the worst, was to seek out the young klutch, whom he had deserted, and tell her the story. Instead of commending him, she upbraided him, shrinking from him as from an evil thing, for she had just come from confession. The Little Father had forgiven her, and she had promised to "go in peace."

In a little while the whole band became aware of what had befallen them through the wickedness of their chief. Upon the slightest provocation they sought out the Little Father, but he told them to go to Red Dog.

With each passing day the band became more and more demoralized Some of them sought solace in long loud prayers to Wes-a-ka-chack, the god of their fathers. Others declared that there were too many gods and too many leaders, but all were troubled in spirit. In groups of twos, fours and tens, they came to call on Red Dog, imploring him to square them with the Priest, who would have nothing to do with them. An eagle carried off a papoose and they blamed it onto Red Dog. A white man came into camp aflame with smallpox, and they said Red Dog did that. They were bordering on panic. Finally the entire band waited upon Red Dog. It was mutiny, and Red Dog weakened. He appeared before the Priest, sullenly submissive.

"Well," the Priest demanded.

"I come to do."

That is better, my son—much better"

"Have you wife for Red Dog?"

"I shall find her."

"When?"

"Sunday. Let all the Indians be here when the day-sun is at its height Put on your best clothes, and let the

women wear their finest feathers. We shall have such a wedding as becomes a great chief, and you shall be married for all time, never will you need to be married again."

Red Dog departed, evidently wondering "what will the harvest be!"

In due time the eventful day dawned. The Indians of the main tribe, as well as those of the branch tribes came in their best clothes. Red Dog, the unhappy groom, was arrayed to shame Solomon. Each and all the prospective brides were there, in deep doubt as to the outcome. Many would be called, but only one chosen. They waited

The Little Father came from behind the blanket that curtained the confessional from the main room, robed for the ceremony. The women were eager to know who would draw the prize. One said it will be the first, another said it would be the last, but the Little Father had decided that the last should be first and the first last He raised his hand and beckoned the young widow—the high-stepper—from the Free Trade tribe. Everyone, even the bride herself, was surprised Red Dog not so much. He knew the Little Father would hand him the acid He did not flinch, as the bride, in screaming Hudson Bay calico, and with blue heron feathers in her well oiled hair, stepped forward. Very seriously and ceremoniously the pale Priest put them over the matrimonial jumps, finally announcing that so long as they both should live they must live together, cleaving and clinging each to the other and that nothing could jar them asunder.

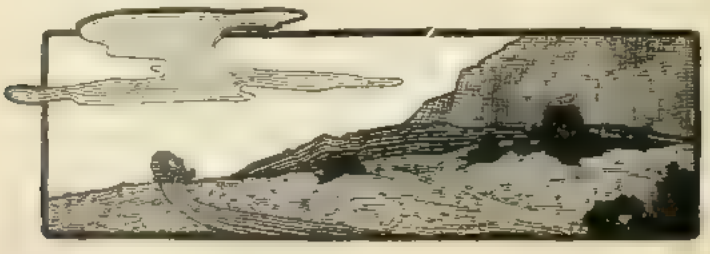
After the wedding there was a great feast, greatly enjoyed.

When the more or less happy couple had taken themselves away to the Royal shack, and the Little Father had set him down to think, there came a rap at his door and the Factor entered. The Priest was surprised at the wrath of the Factor, who spoke his mind.

"This is most extraordinary," he began, for he had been English before he became Hudson's Bay. "The klutch was, of course, too young for him, but the woman of our tribe was a widow you had every reason to compel him to take her, but your conduct in marrying him to that woman is inexplicable—I may say a—inexcusable, I was about to say damnable."

"Tut, tut!" said the Little Father. "Tut, tut! In the confessional we hear much and see much we may not repeat; but if we are wise we may profit by what we learn. This woman has had four husbands—rest their souls. I was the confessor of them all Red Dog is a bad Indian. He has caused me much worry. If I kept him doing penance for the rest of his life he would die in debt to his Creator. Now it is finished—believe me, my son, *he* will worry now, not I. I have arranged all that very quietly. This day he begins, and henceforth, each and every day of his life he will do penance. 'So long as ye both shall live.'"

And lo, a great light dawned upon the Factor, and he went away smiling.



THE CENTENARY OF THE WEST

BY LEONARD FRANCIS EARL

FOR two weeks in July the eyes of the world were focussed on Canada. The list of events literally jammed into Quebec's fortnight, events which rekindle memories of the daring resource of those who first planted the fleur-de-lis on the banks of the St Lawrence, proclaimed to the kinsfolk of the British Empire a message of peace and goodwill. A fleet of nations have been manoeuvring in the waters beneath the frowning cliffs of Quebec citadel, and up above on the Plains of Abraham have passed the brilliant pageants of a demonstration which will plight the troth of two nations which once mustered their forces upon that field in battle, but which now look back upon the perspective of a brilliant national history to which they have both gloriously contributed.

To both peoples the demonstration has been a new vision of national greatness. If the balance of honors swerves either way it is in favor of the Canadian of French extraction, for it is he who still holds sway, socially and politically, over the territory which was the nucleus of development of half a continent. Coincident with the celebration of the birth of the Dominion there comes to mind the anniversary of another great event, the foundation of the West.

August 30, 1812, the vanguard of the venturesome contingent, whose enterprise established the first white settlement in the unbounded wilderness ring to the west of rock-bound Lake uperior, reached the Red River. The ounder of this colony, Lord Selkirk, ad for years given his undivided attntion to the problems of the poor in s own country and of immigration to e colonies. In 1803 he visited the nited States and his patriotic spirit as distressed at seeing his people pay- ig allegiance to an alien flag. He f-mulated a plan for a settlement in Upper Canada. Then his dream of empire, expanding wider, took in the romantic uncertainty of the unknown West and the possibility of a few men holding sway over a country of limitless area and probably unbounded resource.

His administrative ability and astute caution led him to ascertain the legal basis of the Hudson's Bay Company's title and a report signed by four prominent lawyers, Samuel Romilly, G. S. Holyroyd, W. M. Cruise and J. Scarlett, and John Bell warranted him in proceeding with his scheme. By May, 1811, he and his friends owned exactly one-third of the £105,000 of Hudson's Bay Company stock. On May 30th at a meeting of the general court of proprietors Lord Selkirk presented a proposition to purchase a tract of country in Rupert's Land, lying east and west of the Red River He undertook to settle within a specified time a large portion of the lands, to assume the expense of transportation, of outlay for the settlers, of government, and of negotiating with the Indians for their title to the lands. By this stroke be became the sole possessor of one hundred and ten thousand acres.

Thereupon he called for emigrants to join the enterprise, setting forth the advantages which were offered, undertaking to provide means of transportation, to grant free lands to his colonizers and to permit perfect freedom of religious opinion. He secured the services of Miles MacDonell, a young United Empire Loyalist from Glengary in Upper Canada, who possessed excellent military experience and exceptional powers of leadership for the control of a mixed band of emigrants. By June Captain MacDonell was in England and formally in charge of the enterprise. Three ships, the "Prince of Wales," the "Eddystone" and the "Edward and Anne" were placed in

commission, the first two to convey the regular cargo of the company and the third to carry the passengers. On September 24, 1811, after sixty-one stormy days' sailing from Stornaway, the fleet anchored in the harbor of York Factory. The approach of winter made it impossible to attempt the swift current of the Nelson River. Accordingly Captain MacDonell built the "Nelson Encampment," a group of huts and comfortable log dwellings on the North side of the river several miles from the Factory. Making provision for fuel and food was a minor difficulty to the insubordination of a dozen men. The governor of the Factory, W. H Cooke, lent his influence to maintain discipline, but the men lived apart from Captain MacDonell and hauled their own provisions from the fort to their huts

Early in the new year the preparations for the seven hundred miles journey inland began Boats were built for the transportation of the settlers and their effects up the Nelson, but the inefficiency and indolence of the workmen caused extra expense and drew forth the objection of Lord Selkirk. By June first the party had started for the Red River. Through rapids and over portages, encountering the innumerable difficulties of a journey through unexplored regions, the party penetrated on, and still on, until they reached the district set apart for them by the founder. The following message was conveyed from Captain MacDonell to Lord Selkirk, under date of July 17, 1813: "On the 30th of August we reached the forks of the Red River." Almost a year before there was an opportunity to get a message out!

The names of the vanguard are given in the Dominion archives as follows Captain Miles MacDonell, in command; John McKay, aged 21, from Argyle; John McLennan, aged 23; Beth Bethune, aged 19, and Donald McKay, aged 17, from Rosshire; William Wallace, aged 21, from Ayr; John Cooper, aged 26, Nich. Harper, aged 34, Magnus Isbister, aged 21, and George Gibbon, aged 50, from Orkney; Patrick Corcoran, aged 24, carpenter, from Crossmaline; John Green, aged 21, Thomas McKim, aged 38, overseer, and James Thoomey, aged 20, from Sligo; Patrick Quinn, aged 21, Martin Jordan, aged 16, John O'Rourke, aged 20, and Anthony McDonell, from Killala.

These were the men whose adventure was the initial chapter in the history of Manitoba. A small, discontented and despairing band, they reached their goal after an arduous trip of thousands of miles. To them was first allotted the task of managing the affairs of a region which expanded to half a continent. They were followed by others who mastered the same discipline, submitted to the same obedience, and taking their lives in their hands made a name brilliant in their country's history. As time and civilization advanced, they talked to and mastered the Indian, and as masters and heroes of the wilderness, they sought to found, amid seeming impossibilities, a colony as great as Lord Selkirk himself had hoped to see. The great colonizer did not realize his dream of a large community at the junction of the Assiniboin and the Red River of the north. But ninety-six years of history has told the tale.

August 30th, 1912, is the centenary of the foundation of the West. Quebec's Ter-Centenary is all-Canadian, but not more so than the celebration of the hundredth birthday of the prairie land. The pageant of huge destroyers and formidable battleships manoeuvring in the face of the frowning citadel upon whose heights one great nation wrested supremacy from another may be lacking. But in its stead can be evolved another pageant teeming with the golden resource of a people who once staked all where they knew there was inconceivable hardship and wild adventure to be met. The century anniversary of their coming is an event which should be recognized in a fitting way by a generation unto whom much has been given and who have reaped the advantages of the work of the early colonizers.

The idea has been exploited by Ernest Thompson Seton. There is no reason why its success should not be guaranteed by the people of all Canada

THE ALL RED

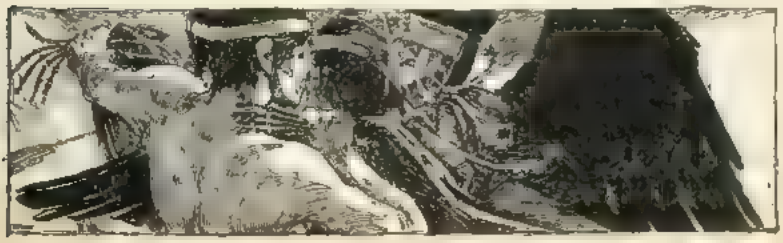
BY CY WARMAN

I AM an all-red Indian.
A British Columbia Cree,
I always lay aside my gun
When I go on a jamboree;
It is a disgrace to paint the face
When you ought to be painting the town,
Then here is one to the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down

The pale face hike to the lonely pike
And the forest undefiled.
With their little pack they're trailing back,
To the heart of the ancient wild;
That's not for me. I'm a Timber Cree,
And I pant for the prairie brown,
And a midnight run with the son of a gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down

I hate the glare of the *chemin de fer*,
And the dusty trail by day,
But I delight in the lamps of night
That gleam on the Great White Way,
I note the hush of the lonely bush
And the hills in glacial gown,
I take my fun with the son-of-a gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

It were not wise to civilize
The whole of these carmine yaps,
For some must trim the beaver skin,
And some must mind the traps,
The sparkling wine for me and mine,
Or a brew of Autumn Brown,
And a midnight run with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.



THE NAKIMU CAVES

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THE Rockies of British Columbia near the summit of Rogers Pass, where the Canadian Alpine Club camped this July, lie the wonderful Nakimu Caves which, for variety of structure and peculiarity of formation, are without parallel on the Western continent. Through a labyrinth of passageways, cut countless ages ago in a ridge of dark blue limestone which forms the floor of the valley, the waters of Cougar Creek tumble with wild fury, in some places as cascades almost fearful of aspect, in others as rapids over a confusion of huge fragments of rock littering its bed. There are cavernous openings and deep abysses, into which subterranean waterfalls leap with a thunderous vibrating roar, rendering the pitch-black depths, lighted only by the feeble rays of lanterns, unearthly in the extreme. Overhead, weird spurs of rock reach forth in fantastic shapes. Here also are marble halls, and walls and ceilings frescoed in florescent creations of snowy whiteness which for the moment, by means of a flashlight, may be wrested from the stygian darkness. Owing to the grandeur of the work of nature, the absence of stalactites and stalagmites, and the peculiarly shaped and much ruined passages pointing to the agency of seismic disturbances as a factor in their origin and present condition, the Caves are of the deepest interest.

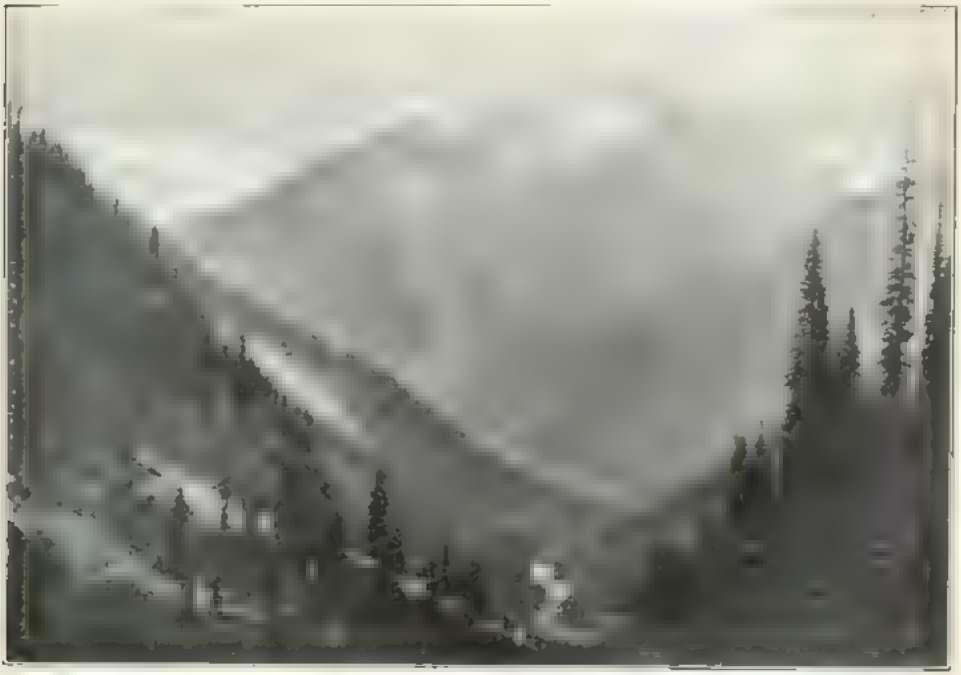
The Valley of the Caves, lying in the heart of the Selkirk range, not far from the point where it is crossed by the Canadian Pacific, is formed by the rough and rocky steeps of Mt. Cheops and Mt. Cougar on the east and south, and of Mt. Bagheera and Mt. Ursus Major, on the west and north. Far up on the eastern slope of Mt. Bagheera is the remnant of the once great glacier which, in a bygone age, shaped the valley in the rough outline of a U, by its ice erosion. At the head of the valley the ice tongues of the glacier feed Cougar Creek with sparkling icy water, and the stream, as it leaps and dashes through gorges and subterranean passages in its four mile descent of 3,200 feet, receives the outpourings of other ice and snow fields on the frowning mountain sides. Down into the Illecillewaet River the Creek finally pours its waters, as if eager to be free of them; and the Canadian Pacific Railway at its crossing has marked the place as Cougar Creek Water Tank. This point is about four miles westward of the Glacier House, which is at the foot of the Great or Illecillewaet glacier, and is reached by a good bridle trail along the south face of Mt. Cheops. From Cougar Creek Water Tank to the camp ground at the Caves, a distance of nearly two miles, there is a rough trail along the lower valley of the Creek, the ascent being 2,000 feet.

The first persons to have seen the Nakimu Caves were two prospectors in the Cougar valley, Messrs. D. Woolsey and W. Scott, of Revelstoke, who descended to the bottom of the "Gorge" by means of a fallen tree trunk leaning against its side. It was not, however, until May, 1904, that the Caves were discovered in section by Charles H Deutschman. He was prospecting for minerals and hunting big game at the time, and on October 22nd of the same year, he located the Caves as a mineral claim. The first person to enter the Caves after him was A. Johnston, editor of the Revelstoke *Mail-Herald*

On May 29, 1905, a party of twelve men was organized to visit the Caves for the purpose of aiding W. S. Ayres, an expert underground engineer, to report upon the discovery to the Dominion Government, for the Caves had

then been ascertained to be situated well within the Glacier Park Reserve During that summer and in 1906, Topographer Arthur O. Wheeler and party made a photographic survey of the entire valley of Cougar Creek . of the peaks enclosing it. As soon a this was accomplished work was taken up in connection with the Caves, location made of them as far known, both above and below

Up to this time only a portion of the Caves had been explored, and it was not until August 4th that an attempt was made to penetrate the huge open



ing seen at the north end of the bottom of the gorge. On this day A. O Wheeler descended the gorge by means of a knotted rope, followed by Deutschman

The work of exploration done by these men shows characters utterly devoid of fear, and credit is due them for accurate maps and descriptions of the Caves. The descent into depths of blackest darkness, lighted only by the dim rays of a tallow dip, without ladders or other aides except in the direst necessity, requires more than courage; it requires strength of purpose and power of will far beyond the ordinary degree. Added to the thick there was always the fierce roar of subterranean torrents, sound most nerve-shaking in a position sufficiently uncanny and demoralizing without it. Huge cracks had to be crossed and precipitous descents made in pitch darkness, where a misstep would have meant death Now that ladders and bridges are placed and ropes set, and the sure path pointed out by these intrepid explorers, it is difficult to realize how in the first place the passages could have been made The final exploration was made by W S Ayres, M E , from October 25 to 29 He also made a survey of the Caves, covering much the same ground as that surveyed by Mr Wheeler, with the additional new passageways named The Terror" and "The Old Mill" (see the accompanying map)

From the Glacier House as a centre, the trip of six miles to the Caves may be made in about four hours. The trail along the north side of the Illecillewaet River skirts the base of Mt. Cheops

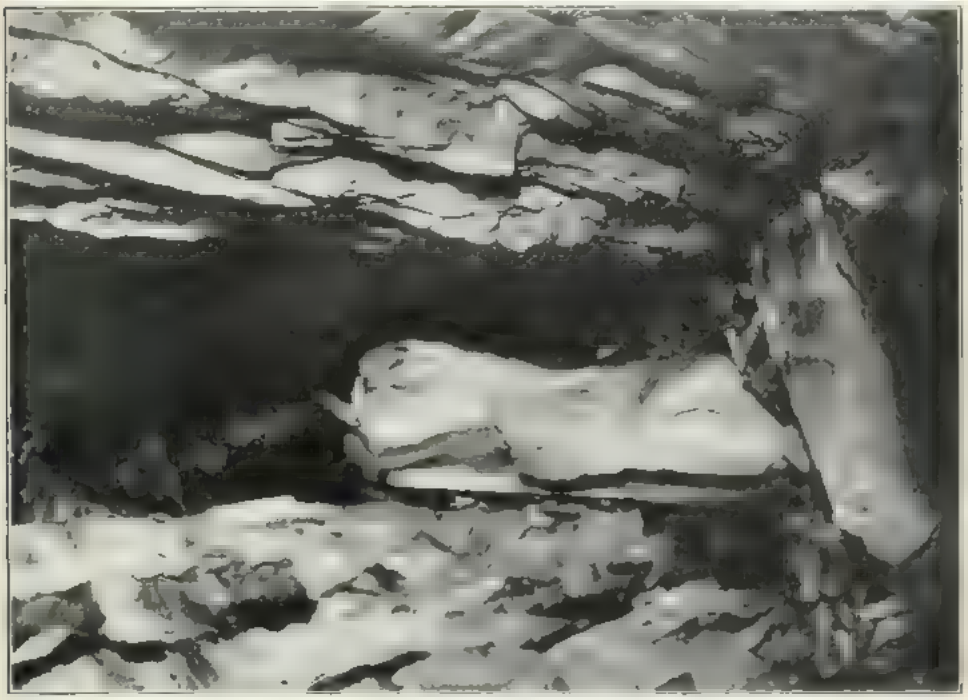
SLOPES OF MT URSIS MA
SLOPES OF COUGAR MOUNTAIN
Plan Showing
THE LOCATION AND EXTENT OF
THE NAKIMU CAVES
AS FAR AS AT PRESENT EXPLORED
Scale of Feet

for three miles, passing through some magnificent forest growth of cedar, fir and hemlock. A mile further on, the trail touches the railway at the water tank and there the real climb begin

At first [illegible] through [illegible] that [illegible] bed of Cougar Creek This portion of the trail is through a dense growth of bracken, rank grass and alders. The stream is a mountain torrent, leaping in a white swirl of foam from [illegible]

flow from the Caves [illegible] short distance, he comes to a place where a wintry blast of wind strikes [illegible] narrow lateral cracks in the [illegible] on the map) is the first intimation of the existence of the [illegible]

About sixty feet upward a most picturesque waterfall is seen [illegible] over the cliff, but instead of forming a [illegible]



[illegible]

rush and deafening [illegible], to which may be added the shrill incisive whistle of the mountain marmot, render the surroundings most impressive and mysterious

As the explorer proceeds, about one and a third miles from the tank, he comes to a spot where water is seen welling up out of the ground. Beyond this point the volume of the stream is much diminished, which is evidence that the mammoth springs, wholly or in part, are the exit of the underground [illegible] it, and its volume contributes to the subterranean stream flowing through the Caves. Swinging [illegible] climb of some two [illegible] narrow gully where the [illegible] together, brings the explorer to the entrance to the Valley [illegible] Directly above to the [illegible] Point commanding a [illegible] distant Illecillewaet [illegible]

peaks and snow fields to the south It also embraces the entire lower valley up which the journey has just been made. Just beyond Lookout Point is a cave opening, leading in pitch darkness to a sheer drop of 120 feet to the bottom of "The Pit," as the deep cavern is called.

The narrow ravine between the ridges is here cut off by a deep gash in the valley, called "The Gorge" at the bottom of which flows Cougar Creek. At this point the trail turns to the left and a short distance beyond the explorer comes to the visitor's camp, on a little grassy bench, bright with alpine flowers, and surrounded by graceful waving spruce trees, and aromatic smelling balsams. It is a charming spot full of sights new and interesting. The clear bracing air is laden with sweet mountain odors and the dull roar of the Creek leaping into the caves close by has a most soothing effect.

Aside from the attraction of the Caves, the upper valley of Cougar Creek, extending for two and a half miles to the head waters of the stream is of exceptional interest. It is of that special type known as the "Hanging Valley," one that has been carved out in a U-shaped cross section by the action of glacier erosion alone; and quite different from the V form of the lower valley, cut by the rushing, leaping waters of the Creek. The numerous small glaciers that still line the sides and head of the valley give it exceeding great beauty and charm in the summer time; and there is no other spot in the Selkirks where alpine flora is more abundant and varied.

The wealth of color displayed by the mingled beds of yellow Adder's Tongue, scarlet Painter's Brush, blue Lark, crimson and yellow Monkey-flower, purple and pink Asters, together with many other species of greater variety and equal attraction, is marvellous and a source of wonder and pleasure to the beholder. As the rich display of color follows the melting snows up the valley it lasts well toward the end of the summer.

Of the animal inhabitants of the valley, the Rocky Mountain goat, the grizzly bear and the black bear, the hoary marmot or whistler, Say's squirrel and the Little Chief hare are most frequently seen. The birds are few but a flock of Ptarmigan may nearly always be seen and the Water Ousel, the black headed [illegible] and the Rocky Mountain Whisky Jack are sometimes apparent.

For a clear description and comprehensive idea of the Caves, they are divided into three sections called, "The Gopher Bridge," "The Mill Bridge" and "The Gorge" series in the order named from the upper waters of Cougar Creek. On leaving the lake-bed, which receives the waters from the small glaciers on the surrounding peaks, the Creek flows in a series of cascades for a half mile, through open alpine meadowland, broken here and there by knolls crowned with scrubby spruce. Suddenly, without warning, it disappears into a cavity, and 450 feet further on quietly issues from its underground way, having dropped only thirty feet. The intervening space between the Creek's entry into and exit from the ground has been named the Gopher Bridge," owing to the large numbers of Parry's marmot, which much resembles the gopher, to be seen in the immediate vicinity. Directly

opposite the cavity two striking cascades tumble down the mountain side, and uniting, flow for a little way parallel to Cougar Creek; then, vanishing into a hole in the ground, they join the main stream by a subterranean passage. They are known as "Gopher Falls," and the place where they disappear, "Gopher Hole."

The first entrance to the passageways of this series was an opening, shown on the map as the "Old Entrance." It was a most difficult opening, entailing much wriggling and squeezing through narrow cracks, but eventually a point of vantage was reached directly over the subterranean torrent. By the use of acetylene bicycle lamps the pitch darkness can be pierced to some extent, but when a piece of magnesium wire is lighted, for a brief moment the interior is bathed in dazzling brightness. Standing on a narrow ledge that overhangs a black abyss, the eye is first drawn to a stygian waterfall heard roaring immediately on the left. It appears to flow from a dark opening above it. Below, between black walls of rock may be seen the foam-flecked torrent hurtling down the incline until lost in dense shadows. Overhead, fantastic spurs and shapes reach out into the blackness and the entire surroundings are most weird and uncanny.

At one time the stream entered the Caves by this opening, but a natural dam gradually formed, causing it to find a new opening at a spot indicated on the map. Between these openings a small natural cavity was discovered by Deutschman, sufficiently large to admit an average person with comfort. A small passage joins with the underground course of the Creek, and by following its edge, the explorer eventually comes to the point of vantage just mentioned. Several small chambers are passed which originally were carved out of the rock in the form of potholes, by the swirl and swish of the waters, but since have become much distorted in shape, owing to disintegration. The place is unique and wonderful, and the sensations it produces eerie in the extreme.

On making its exit at the eastern end of the Gopher Bridge, the Creek pours down a narrow rock-cut, only eight or ten feet wide, for a distance of 350 feet. The upper half presents a series of cascades and falls, and the sides show curious potholes that are in the process of erosion from the soft limestone. It has been named "The Flume," because of its resemblance to a millrace. At the point where the Creek disappears in a whirl of flying spray, there are several openings in the floor of the valley, and its last spectacular leap, as it vanishes underground, is very striking. Seventy feet beyond is a larger opening where the stream centuries ago delved into the earth, but as the rush of water cut deeper in the rock-channel, it took advantage of a handy crack and gradually carved out for itself the opening where the full volume now descends. After leaping and dashing down the underground fall of 85 feet, the Creek reappears 300 feet further on at the bottom of a deep gorge, and this section has been named "The Mill Bridge," on account of the roar of the water through the choked entrance resembling the noise made by a big mill in full operation.

On the eastern side of the Flume and thirty feet from it is the entrance to the Mill Bridge series of caves, shown on the map as entrance number one.

...ER BRIDGE. THE ... ENTRANCE.

The entrance is a mere cleft in the rock [illegible] wide enough to [illegible]'s body. The underground [illegible] at one time carrying a [illegible] of water, is four hundred [illegible] to fifteen feet wide [illegible] its height varies from ten to [illegible] five feet. At its eastern end it opens to an irregular shaped chamber, sixty by seventy feet with a height of twenty feet called "The Auditorium" [illegible] beneath Mill [illegible] The Auditorium [illegible]

much havoc, and the walls no longer show the marks of water erosion, while the floor is heaped with rock debris fallen from the ceiling. The passageway, however, that connects it with the surface is still intact as a sample of the power of water erosion. It is composed of a series of potholes connected one with the other by short narrow passages. The bottom of each succeeding pothole from the entrance is at a lower elevation, sometimes as much as ten or fifteen feet.

At one spot the passageway twists in a loop and here the potholes are of

[illegible] FEET [illegible] OF THE PLUME

entrance to the series the chamber resounds with its roar, and the name seems peculiarly appropriate. Faint [illegible] that enters through the passageway of the waters and serves to make the surroundings look dim and mysterious. The frosts of winter reach this spot, and in the spring stalactites and stalagmites formed of huge icicles are seen in columnar groups surrounding the rushing waters and extending some distance into the chamber itself. In this place disintegration has created such curiously spiral form as to suggest the name of "The Corkscrew." Across this bend, about twelve feet above the main floor, a gallery extends for one hundred and twenty feet, of similar pothole formation, but on a smaller scale than the main passageway. With the exception of the Auditorium, the floors and ceilings are of water worn rock, and practically no debris has fallen away, pointing to the fact that the channel is of more recent origin, and the rock through which it is

worn of a more compact stratification.

On emerging from its subterranean course under Mill Bridge, at the bottom of a narrow gorge three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, Cougar Creek flows at right angles to the general direction of the stream, eighty feet below the floor of the valley. The sides of the Gorge are composed of badly shattered limestone, and it is spanned by two natural rock bridges; and altogether is a most striking feature of the scenery of the Valley of the Caves At the lower or north end is the dome-shaped opening in the wall that leads to the largest and most interesting series of passageways comprising the Nakimu Caves. Into this aperture, which is some thirty feet wide and about the same height, the stream plunges with mad fury, creating leaps and falls and a dissemination of spray which causes the mouth of the cavern to appear through a luminous mist.

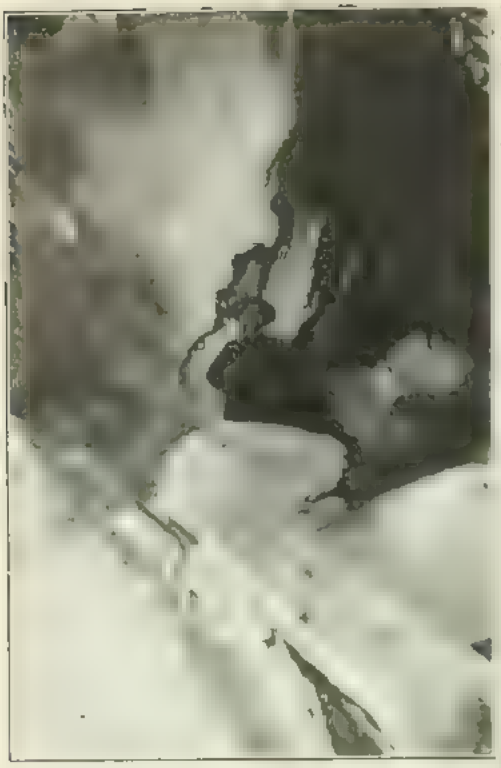
Through this entrance, number two, the explorer proceeds downward and, at the foot of the falls, finds that the channel resumes its southeasterly course, while the stream swings northward to lower depths. He crosses the Creek at the turn and enters a chamber, one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and from ten feet in height at the upper end the ceiling increases to thirty feet at the lower end. The floor is heaped with debris dropped from the immense slab of rock forming the roof, which slopes with the dip of the strata. The Creek has cut through the northeast wall of the chamber and disappears into the blackness with a dull reverberating roar. Fifty feet beyond the Creek, the passage turns to the north again, and it is necessary to descend a rock face of some twelve feet by natural notches that seem to have been cut with a cold-chisel for the special purpose.

Far down in the cavern depths the stream is welling through some rock cut with a dull intermittent pounding, like the blows of an immense steam hammer. About forty feet to the right the explorer creeps through a low-roofed passage, only two feet high, into "The Dropping Cave." It is thirty by forty feet, and six to ten feet high, and so named from water dropping from the roof in all directions. The floor is strewn with broken rock fragments, and the walls and ceiling are marked in places by irregular streaks of white in the dark blue limestone. At the eastern end a very narrow passage, between fallen masses of rock, affording barely room to squeeze through, leads to the "Witches' Ball R[illegible].

This roughly irregular chamber, with sides of about sixty feet, and an estimated height of fifty feet, is filled for the most part by an immense rock that has fallen from the roof. This rock, having a generally level surface, forms a sort of platform where a group of witches might be expected to caper about in the stifling fumes of some hellish cauldron; hence the name appropriate to the weird surroundings. On all sides are deep cracks leading to the unknown, where the underground stream is heard roaring dully. By one of these, at the northeast corner, the fearless explorer may penetrate to the "Terror" and the "Old Mill," which are the most difficult of access and dangerous passages of the entire Caves.

The passage from the Ball Room leads southeasterly for one hundred and twenty-five feet to where there is a parting of the ways. The upper end of the vaulted chamber, fifteen to twenty feet wide, and about twenty feet high, shows erosion markings, the roof and floor both being water-worn, while the floor of broken boulders and slabs is very irregular. The lower portion of the passage lies between separated limestone strata from three to seven feet apart. On the right, three narrow passages, at intervals, lead to two circular funnel-like closets. The more distant of these has been named "The Pit," which is reached by means of entrance number three, mentioned before.

The most southerly passage from the Pit is called the "Marble Way," the name given it by Mr. Wheeler, because the dark bluish-grey limestone is shot in every direction by ribbon streaks of white crystals The walls drip with moisture, rendering the limestone dead



IN THE SLANTING WAY. BEAR LEWIS SITTING THE

black and the veins of crystals a vivid white, the whole resembling a rich glistening marble. At the meeting of the ways, before referred to, the lower or eastern one is named "The Slanting Way," from the fact that the passage is formed by a separation of the limestone strata, and lies across their dip. The upper passage has an arched roof and has been named "The Subway." On account of the debris and sloping rock and several very narrow places, both passages are difficult of traverse and there is the necessity of almost bending double in crawling through a part of the old waterway.

Along the east side of the Slanting Way are deep cracks in the strata, leading to the unknown depths of the creek echoing loudly through the vaulted ways. At one point the cracks expand, and a descent may be made to the "Turbine," through a difficult passage ending in an irregular opening in the rock. Across a chasm, at whose bottom flows the main stream, a number of waterspouts gush out with great force, and a noise like that produced by water falling into the pit of a turbine. At the south end of the Slanting Way the floor and walls are covered with an incrustation of carbonate of lime of light creamy color, shading off, in some places, to a delicate salmon, having a florescent formation resembling cauliflower heads set closely together. The spot has been named the "Art Gallery" by Mr. Ayres.

From the meeting of the ways, the passage continues southeasterly, ever increasing in interest. It varies in width from fifteen to thirty feet, with a height of ten to fifteen feet. On the right is a narrow twisting side opening, named "The Gimlet." On the left is "The Dome," so named from its perfect formation. Minor passageways lead to still greater depths, the most easterly one to the "Judgment Hall," a chamber two hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, and forty to fifty feet high, having a pillar which might stand for the "pillar of justice." The roof is roughly arched and the sides rise upward in parallel ledges resembling balconies. The more westerly passage narrows to an opening only eighteen inches wide, and is fifteen feet long, which terminates at the "Carbonate Grotto," where are seen very fine calcium decorations. The cavern is about sixty by thirty feet, and ten to fifteen feet high. The passage further on varies in width and height, and the bottom is much littered by fallen rocks. By squeezing through a narrow cleft, barely noticeable in the dim light, the explorer is enabled to descend to the lower end of the Judgment Hall, fifty-seven feet below.

A narrow gap in the corridor above leads to a very beautiful, though small chamber, named "The White Grotto." The carbonate decorations there are of great beauty and delicacy. The final cave has been named "The Bridal Chamber," owing to the purity of its lime draperies and the general beauty of its floral decorations. Beyond this point exploration has not been made because the passage breaks off in a deep chasm, at the bottom of which the subterranean stream may be heard rushing onward to its exit, a half mile below.

The chasm is two hundred and forty feet from the Wind Crack, previously referred to, and is only fifty-four feet above it, so that it is safe to assume that there is a more or less direct connection between. The wind issuing from the crack is probably due to a water blast caused by the subterranean stream falling into the chasm at the end of the Caves.

There are two other sets of passages one called "The Ice Cave," situated above the deep entrance from the Gorge, the other entered below the Goat Falls. The Ice Cave is reached from the floor of the valley, and presents only one chamber of any size which has been named "The Temple" The cave takes its name from the fact that the initial passage is blocked with ice all the year round, and an entry is effected over this blockage. The passages at Goat Falls are ice-bound from early October until June, and consequently have been explored only so far as there is a footing without bridging. It is more than probable that the flow from the falls empties into the main waterway at the Turbine If it does not, it is a mystery where the water gushing in at the Turbine comes from

The occurrence of limestone in the Selkirks is rare and, in the present case, is probably one of the crystalline beds found among archæan rocks, of which this portion of the range is almost entirely composed, and concerning whose origin there is considerable difference of opinion. The phenomenon of the Caves, therefore, is due to the occurrence of a limestone deposit at this particular spot. Subterranean waterways of a similar nature are the exception, not the rule, both in the Selkirks and the main range of the Rockies. Even in the main range where limestone formations predominate, there are only two places, so far discovered, where streams of any magnitude (leaving mineral springs out of the question) issue from underground passages. They are the streams forming the source of Amiskwi Falls, west of Emerald Lake, and Crowsnest River, near Crowsnest Pass

As to the origin of the Nakimu Caves, there is some difference of opinion. W S Avres, who examined the Caves and reported on them, as an underground expert, advances the theory that these subterranean passages have been formed entirely by water erosion, and owing to a small stream of Cougar Creek having found its way, some 38 000 years ago, through a shrinkage crack of some particular bed of limestone, subsequently they have been enlarged and made irregular in form through the process of disintegration

Topographer Wheeler, on the other hand, while admitting the factors named as having been largely instrumental in the condition of the underground channels and cavern as seen to-day, holds that there has been an agency at work, more potent and far-reaching than the ordinary methods of nature. His view is strengthened by the fact that, although the temperature is well below zero at the camp in the woods, about the middle of October, there is no frost found in the cave interiors at a short distance from the entrance. Thus, two of the highest factors of disintegration, sun and frost, are lacking when accounting for the wholesale cleavage that has taken place within the old waterways. The enormous size of the blocks of stone, moreover, and the indication that the largest of them have been displaced a very long time ago, would point to the agency of a severe shock or series of shocks such as would be caused by an earthquake or some similar seismic disturbance

The underground waterways comprising the Nakimu Caves, and for the most part now in disuse, viewed in the light of an earthquake, are of comparatively simple origin. They are of exceeding interest, not only on account of the unexpected forms of the various chambers, passages and potholes, but for the exceptional opportunities offered to study the crystalline limestone strata in their various phases, and the erosive action of the prehistoric stream in conjunction with the sedimentary particles carried by it at flood stages of bygone days.

Apart from the Caves themselves, the valley is one of an alpine type of

special interest to the explorer. There are few places in the Selkirks, or for that matter in the entire mountain regions where such a wealth of alpine flora, fauna, glacial and other mountain attributes, not only does not have to be sought but forces itself upon the eye of the observer with a persistence and beauty that will not be denied

AN HOUR OF LIFE

BY LANCE LAZIER

YOUR hand on my arm and my foot on the wheel
And I leap to the seat; then beside me I feel
You jump to your place, catch the reins in your hand,
For the broncbos are plunging, refusing to stand
They know by that will note that laughs in your voice
They're no hold in fact they must make and rejoice
For their fair names toss back and their lithe bodies swing,
No need of the whip—scorn its petulant sting!

Contempt for the speed of a senseless machine!
Here we've life—spirit, strength, every faculty keen
They joy in the running, that blood in their veins
Leaps as ours when we call, and let loose on the reins

That dark line before us the horses well know
Is the prairie trail leading to home. On they go!
The moon hangs above—what a glorious night!
All the world that we flash through is silver and white
Past stack and past sad-gazing trees well do they need—
Poor things that shall never know what joy is in speed.

But why this wild risk and this reckless mad haste?
Are there lives to be saved, not a moment to waste?
Or a message of joy, or a tiding of woe,
That is carried by us? But we lightly laugh No!
'Tis the dance of the blood; 'tis the wine of the race;
'Tis the love of the horse, 'tis the wind in your face;
'Tis a hundred mixed feelings—Youth, Life, Love but Oh!
Only those who have felt it, as we have, can know.

THE RIGHT ANGLE

"THE SOWING"

ANNOUNCEMENT was made last month that this magazine had secured the exclusive right to publish Emerson Hough's new work, "The Sowing," which will appear serially in these pages, beginning with the September number, and running a year

The extracts from this book which have appeared in our advertisements are in themselves a declaration of its importance to all who look to the elevation of mankind in the mass, or who have interests in Canada, present or to come. The argument it makes to Canada and England is that a nation is "as strong as the average of its humanity," and the plan it proposes looks to improving that average by a radical change in the method of choosing and locating newcomers to the Canadian domains

While the work is certain to arouse criticism and opposition in many minds, it really should be widely read and fully considered for what it has to say, whether the reader may agree with or condemn the author's views, his criticism, or suggestion. Mr. Hough is a Yankee, and does not see with Canadian or Imperial vision, nor talk with a British tongue; but he has earned the right to recognition as a sound economist and a broad humanitarian And sometimes it is good to hear outside voices, not unfriendly, telling us how we look and where we seem to be going

Several of Mr Hough's previous books, notably, "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," and "The Story of the Cowboy," have dealt intimately with the taming of new countries, their settlement, and the upbuilding of nations. All of his work has shown a philosophy almost Carlylean in its power to get at the heart of things, regardless of externals. His sympathies are profound, but his reasoning is ungloved where it deals with the problem of readjusting populations. It is that problem solely which concerns "The Sowing," and the way Mr. Hough applies his philosophy to it in the case of the Canadian West is deadly logical, but very startling.

The series of articles will commend itself forcibly wherever the English language is spoken or the elements are at work out of which the future of this country is being formed. Every Canadian should read it for his own personal interest, and every Englishman will

find it stir him to admiration or to protest, as the case may be, but always to keen interest

Mr Hough has thorough knowledge of Canadian conditions and highly positive convictions as to what the new Canada should be. "The Sowing" differs broadly from everything heretofore written on these subjects, especially in an intense Anglo Saxonism and a startling plainness of speech where it touches the immigration and colonization policies of government and the schemes of opulent philanthropy in promoting emigration from the ethnic morasses of the old country—the hopelessly sodden "folk swamps" of the great cities

Just now the air is filled with the growing thrum of approaching great events, and the earth of our new nation moves with the uneasy stirrings of unborn deeds and mighty changes. We are a puny people yet, though our home is large enough for the great race that shall come after us. The question of all questions we would like to see answered is what that race shall be, by what process of election or selection shall it arrive at perfect maturity, and so raise the human average. Mr Hough with a quite unfevered hand undertakes to raise the curtain of the future upon it, to point by deduction, if not by prophesy, the process necessary to the best outcome. We give him way most gladly

IS MODERN MAN RELIGIOUS?

LAST December when we announced Dr Shailer Mathews' papers, "The Modern Man and the Gospel," we asked the question, "is modern man more religious than his forbears?" It is still being answered through our mails We are not surprised that the interest among CANADA-WEST readers is intense because the question itself is fundamental. Pick up almost any daily paper and you will find it discussed in one form or another. Occasionally it finds a place on the front page with glaring headlines; again, it is there in the form of a report of a lecture or sermon or a review of a new book. It is always before us

The question is an absolutely direct one, yet few of us will answer it with an unqualified "yes" or "no." Of course our whole difficulty lies in the definition of the adjective *religious*. Your definition may not be mine and mine may not be yours. We may not agree, but we may talk about it together and, by listening to the opinions of persons whose viewpoints are widely at variance, we may attain a broader knowledge and, perhaps, come a little nearer to the truth. Here is one viewpoint

THE EDITOR:—"Is modern man more religious than his forbears?" In my opinion he is not In our grandfathers' time life was more simple and people more sincere. Church members then belonged to a church because they had a high ideal of what a member of the church of Christ should be, and they tried to live up to that ideal. In these days people join a church because it is a badge of respectability, and because it is the fashion. As to living the life of a sincere and lowly follower of the Divine Master, Who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," they never dream of it

The strenuous life we live these days perhaps has something to do with it Men are so wearied with the physical and mental toil of making a living, that when an interval of rest does come, the body seems to serve merely as a dead encasement for a dead soul, too numb to respond to the call for higher and more spiritual things. If you take a look around in a great many churches during the time of service, it will surprise you perhaps to see how few are listening with any degree of interest to what is being said. The preacher fault? In some instances I am sorry to say, "Yes." But too often the bo holds a soul so shrivelled up by th hardening process to which it has been subjected, through the eager desire t grasp more and more the things of this world that it would take the trum et call of an angel to arouse it to a sense of its need of living for better n nobler things than the gratification of selfish desires

Fashion, form and money there may be in the modern church, but religion

FROM THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

IT is a new thing for a publication to present in one number and on the same page a recognition of the merits of its contents from two men who stand for the governing forces of half the world

The Governor General of Canada in a letter, the subtance of which we print below, thus expresses his appreciation of an article treating of Canada's earlier history and places himself among our permanent patrons

Montreal, June, 13, '08.

Dear Sirs

I am desired by the Governor General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd May, and to thank you for the number of Canada-West you so kindly sent him

His Excellency read the article on the Plains of Abraham with much pleasure, and has instructed me to convey his thanks and congratulations. His Excellency has instructed me to order Canada-West to be sent to him regularly and looks forward with interest to the forthcoming special Tercentenary number.

Will you kindly render me the account for the magazine. I am, yours truly,

Chas. J. Hayes

The following note from the President of the United States is especially valued since it comes as a personal word of praise to one of our regular contributors himself a widely known writer of English verse in the lighter vein

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 23.

My dear Mr. Kiser.

I have been so much amused with your bits of poetry that I must write to tell you so.

With regards, sincerely yours

Theodore Roosevelt

These extraordinary compliments are less a stimulus to pride than an incentive to continued endeavor in serving to Canada and the Canadians the best written and most helpful magazine they have ever had

slowly but surely forced out, while the world at large, looking on, has lost faith in the church itself. It is not what the clergy people want. The real New Testament truth, lived as Jesus lived it here on this earth, would transform so-called Christians to such a degree that this earth would become the border land of heaven. Religion itself is not at fault though professors of religion are. If those who are sincere in looking for something satisfying will read the New Testament (and leaving all side issues go, things that do not directly concern a man, as far as the salvation of his soul is concerned), turn to John the twenty first chapter, and read from the twentieth to the twenty third verse, trying to take in and understand all that Christ meant for us in His answer to Peter's curiosity: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." That it seems to me is sufficient answer to all man's prying and curiosity. Our part is to follow Him, and in [illegible] His great unselfish example of [illegible] patience, we would not want to be looking for something new, but would be satisfied that the religion as practised by our Divine Master will satisfy the needs of every human soul. Sincerely your

[illegible]
Nyatt Mo[illegible]

The [illegible] without directly stating it, assumes a certain definition of "religious." The whole argument hinges on that definition. Is it yours?

FISH FROM THE WHEAT BELT

THE term "Prairie Provinces" means wheat wherever it appears—naturally, for it is the name of the greatest and richest wheat field in the world, the very last place where most people would look for a fish supply. Yet the fish [illegible] of 1907 in the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta brought \$1,492.92.

This doesn't mean that anyone can sit on a fence and throw his hook into a wheat field—with results. But it does mean the beginning of a new and big industry in a country where fresh fish is wanted, and where the rivers and lakes can be worked with proper tackle in the open season and with commercial profit. Some of the largest fresh water lakes and streams of the continent are to be found in Western Canada, and all these waters are well stocked with fine varieties of food and game fishes. "The fisheries of the prairies" may have an incongruous sound, but not very far hence those same fisheries will loom large in the economies of [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] Kettle"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEAFORD?

IT used to be said of Edmonton that no matter how dead she was, she would never acknowledge the fact, and that long after some of the other budding boom-towns were laid out, you would continue to hear from Edmonton.

Edmonton made good, and largely because her people, during the dark days between the boom of twenty years ago and the present "growing time," refused to lie down and close their eyes.

And now comes Meaford up on the Georgian Bay route of the Northern Navigation Steamers, which thread the Thirty Thousand Islands on the way

FORREST CLIFT

Mr. [illegible] WEST [illegible]

from Sarnia to Fort William. You meet a man from Meaford and say, "Where is Meaford?" and mark the look of amazement upon his face He will not say he's sorry for you, but he'll pull you over to the edge of the walk and ask you quietly: "Say—don't you know about Meaford? There are three thousand souls in Meaford. Meaford employs 500 hands who turn out three-quarter of a million dollars' worth of goods annually. We raise rice and rye, ship 31,000 barrels of apples, $175,000 worth of live stock, and 5,000 000 feet of lumber between New Year and Christmas

"Why, man, Meaford has ten miles of permanent sidewalk, a seven hundred-thousand-bushel elevator, electric lights and power plant, public school, model school, several churches, a splendid harbor and the Grand Trunk Railway

Then you walk on with the name "Meaford," permanently fixed in your mind in connection with pleasant things that predispose you to stop off at the town in the future

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

LAWRENCE J BURPEE is already well known to readers of CANADA-WEST His articles on Canadian affairs, especially those relating to the West, have been marked by scholarly insight He has now launched out into a larger field. No more important book on the great Northwest than his, "The Search for the Western Sea," has appeared from any Canadian pen It is a monumental work It gives an exhaustive study of the exploration of North-Western America. Mr Burpee knows the West—knows it by travel and by a careful examination of every available important book or document bearing on his subject He has divided his book into three parts: The Northern Gateway, The Southern Gateway, and The Road to the Sea The title of the book is "The Keynote of Exploration in North-Western America" The early explorers were all lured on by the hope of finding a practicable passage to the great Western Sea, the Pacific

Part I deals with British exploration in the north, first into and about Hudson Bay, then inland from the shores of the Bay The narrative covers a period of one hundred and sixty five years, from the date of Henry Hudson's discovery of the great bay to the establishment of Cumberland House by Samuel Hearne Part II. takes up the Southern or St Lawrence route It graphically sketches the heroic work done by such explorers as La Vérendrye, Jonathan Carver and Peter Pond Part III deals with the consummation of two centuries of adventurous effort in the wilderness, the reaching of the Arctic and the Pacific. Much new light is thrown on the work done by such men as Alexander Henry, Alexander Mackenzie, David Thompson and Simon Fraser

In the preparation of his book Mr Burpee has not rested content with second-hand material. He has, wherever it was possible, gone to the original documents. Living in Ottawa, he has had peculiar advantages, and has availed himself of them The rich manuscript material in the Canada Archives has been carefully searched and at every step of his work there is evidence that he has consulted such eminent authorities as Dr A. G. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, Dr James White, Geographer of the Department of the Interior, Dr A. P. Low, Dr. Robert Bell and other members of the geological survey who have had personal acquaintance with the regions he has studied.

"The Search for the Western Sea" is a great book. It should be in the library of every man who takes an interest in the building of the Dominion. The author has evidently spent years in collecting and digesting his material, and has treated his subject

in an eminently fair and unprejudiced manner. On every page he shows the historical conscience

The publishers have entered into the spirit of the author. They have spared no expense in making a volume worthy of the theme. It has in all some fifty-six fine illustrations, covering every region of the West, and eight maps, some of them exceedingly rare, that aid the reader in tracing the course of the narrative

THE HEART OF A CHILD

FRANK DANBY (Mrs. Frankau) has achieved another success in "The Heart of a Child." This novel is a distinct advance on either her "Dr. Phillips" or "Pigs in Clover." Sally Snape is a creation that will rank with the best of Dickens' female characters. The story is for the most part a powerful interpretation of life. The author has selected a strange character, red-haired and green eyed, with the grotesque name of Sally Snape as her heroine, and with her as a dominating centre has produced a most entertaining novel. It is a London study. The slums from which Sally sprang are depicted with a brutal realism; the fashionable West End millinery establishment where Sally was employed as a model is presented with a fulness of detail that shows the most intimate study; and the world of the Gaiety Girl is drawn with knowledge and power. Every phase of Sally's life is well done, save possibly in the climax of the book, where she appears as Lady Kidderminster, and then there is a distinct falling off in truth to life. But "The Heart of a Child" is no commonplace novel. It is a bit of psychology of the highest order. It is true Mrs. Frankau has failed in her purpose, which was to show that "a young girl, inexperienced and unprotected, could go upon the stage, achieve a popular triumph and yet retain her purity." As the story developed, the author forgot her avowed attention—Sally Snape was what she was by temperament and accident The story of other Gaiety Girls placed in similar situations would probably have had a different ending. The book is well worth close reading. It will be found to have been truly named "The Heart of a Child," and as in the case of the men in the story, the men who read will feel their hearts go out to Sally Snape. She is "truth and simplicity" itself, and possesses a magnetism that rivets the attention.

TRAILS AND TALES IN COBALT

"TRAILS and Tales in Cobalt," by W. H. P. Jarvis, is a timely book. The silver country is attracting much attention, and no book that has yet appeared gives a truer picture of mining methods, the difficulties to be contended with, the snares to be avoided, and the picturesque life of the sojourners in this mining camp. Mr. Jarvis is an experienced miner. He has been an "Inhabiter of change." Gold and silver have lured his feet for years, and Alaska, the Yukon, British Columbia and the Cobalt are familiar to him. The lover of tragedy and romance can find much that is interesting in "Trails and Tales," and the tenderfoot who sees visions of fortune in a mining country will profit by reading it. The "Pard," that splendid raconteur of mining-camp stories, is a fine creation. His stories are nuggets, which could easily be taken from their rough setting and elaborated into great short stories, as great as anything that has appeared from the pen of Bret Harte. But, in "Trails and Tales in Cobalt," the story of "Hyena Jane," the tragic romance of Alec McCutcheon, the pathetic narrative of the life of "Poor Chappie" are to Canadian story what the "Songs of a Sourdough" are to Canadian verse

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Search for the Western Sea," By Lawrence J. Burpee. Toronto. The Musson Book Co.

"The Heart of a Child." By Frank Danby. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

"The Soul of a Priest." By The Duke Litta. Toronto. William Briggs.

"Trails and Tales in Cobalt" By W. H. P. Jarvis Toronto: William Briggs

MY QUEST

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Through the scented aisles of my gar
den, tar
I wander at close of day
Where perfumed roses ope their hearts
And stately lilies sway

Gay fireflies, with torches bright
Flit 'midst the sl
And on her rosary o
Time counts the

High overhead, the ra
Sails through a sea of blu
And one by one the angel sta
Come softly peeping throug

I searched for thee, each night, my
love
I sought thee—far and near
And yet 'midst all the scented bloom
I found thee not—my dear

But now my quest is ended—
As night's dark shades depart
For ah beloved, I hold thee, now
In the garden of my heart

THE SIGNEUR'S HONOUR

BY ARTHUR M. DICKENSON

"MAIS OUI, MONSIEUR," replied Louis the ancient voyageur in answer to the unspoken question in William Lynch's quick glance; "they have gone, the Abbe and the dogs, by moonlight across the bay, and such journeys I like not, for as Monsieur well knows 'tis almost spring and the ice on the bay no longer safe." And having satisfied the curiosity of his employer, the old man busied himself in preparing the evening meal, all the while shaking his head and muttering various expressions indicative of anxiety and foreboding.

For much had happened that day at the little trading post of the old French Fur Company, and although one may defy the cold and rigors of the great white winter in the far north, one cannot defy death. This William Lynch realized only too well as he paced the floor of the living room in his own quarters at the Company's Post. While he blessed the pluck of that brave old missionary, the Abbe St. Claire, the friend alike of the white man and the red, he cursed the haughty pride and stubbornness of the Facteur, the Signeur de Montierre, which made him remain idly at home while an older and feebler man performed a task which should have been his own, a task which needed youth and courage and health and strength. All these had William Lynch in abundance, together with a great love for Yvonne de Montierre, the Facteur's one daughter. "Matiska"—the laughing one the Indians called her. Her bright eyes and merry smile had indeed laughed their way deeper and deeper into Lynch's honest heart until at length, emboldened by the sweet shy glances of Yvonne and the thought of a clean name and a cleaner conscience, he had craved permission of the Signeur to press his suit, but de Montierre would have none of it. Naturally proud and domineering, he had become doubly so at the thought of an alliance between a de Montierre of old France and a plain William Lynch of the then new Canada.

"It were almost as well, Monsieur," remarked the Signeur with a sneer, "that you should ask my daughter to become your wife as that she should ask you to become her husband; and, ah! morte de ma vie, while I think of it," further remarked the Signeur, safe in the security of Yvonne's modesty, "should my daughter ever ask you to become her husband, Monsieur, on my honour you may; but by my faith, not before. I trust Monsieur will have much patience and a long life, Sancta Maria, such a long life, for if Monsieur waits he will need both I assure him."

Angry and humiliated Lynch had gone about his daily duties, but not, however, with the intention of forgetting Yvonne. The Signeur had promptly informed his daughter of his interview with Lynch and of his own decidedly novel decision; and Lynch had sworn softly, as day by day he watched Yvonne grow quieter and sadder.

Now the Signeur de Montierre was lying on his bed slowly bleeding through a vein which had been severed in his arm by a gun discharged in the hands of a careless savage. They had done what they might but the vein they could not mend. It was beyond them. Fearful of the results of the accident every Indian and breed about the place had disappeared as if by magic and the few white employees of the company having departed some days before on an expedition to a distant post, there remained only

Lynch and the old missionary to summon aid

In a faint but perfectly audible voice the Signeur had intimated that he infinitely preferred death to succor at the hands of Lynch. This was the reason why the staunch old Abbe St Claire, who knew every trail and every portage, every lake and every stream in all the great North Country, was at that moment lashing six huskie dogs attached to a long sled, across the thirty miles of treacherous ice which lay between him and a doctor. This was the reason why William Lynch so anxiously paced the floor of his room and Louis, the ancient voyageur, seemed so troubled and ill at ease. For should the Abbe fail in his attempt to cross the bay and the doctor came not by morning, then would the spirit of Philippe St. Jean Signeur de Montierre depart to join those of his forefathers

Four hours had elapsed since the dog team had departed at six that evening and Louis, having settled the back-log well in the embers, had piled upon it as much wood as the spacious fireplace could well contain and was beginning to think fondly of his bed, when the sharp yelp of a dog, accompanied by the cracking of a whip and the stern harsh voice of a man, drew him in haste to the door.

"Is that you, Louis?" queried the man

"Oui Monsieur," replied the voyageur, instantly recognizing the tones of the venerable Abbe

"Monsieur Lynch! quick, mons fil, where is Monsieur Lynch?

"At the quarters of the Signeur, mon pere," responded Louis, "together with Madamoiselle, doing what they can to stop the blood"

"Then to the quarters of the Signeur quick," commanded the Abbe, "and say that one would speak with him, but mark you that the others hear not who that one is"

Only too plainly did Lynch understand what the return of the Abbe signified and his worst fears were confirmed by the lips of the missionary

"It is even so my son," the old priest assured him, "I had gone but half way when a great crack stopped my progress and although I followed it for some miles it extends out to the open sea. It is as yet but the thin edge of that wedge which will in a few days completely break up the ice in the bay and in the narrowest place which I could discover it is at least fifty feet wide. And I, my son, helas, in my youth I learned not to swim. Even if I had I greatly fear this old heart of mine would ill stand a plunge in the icy waters and may the good Virgin help us for I know not what to do"

For a moment Lynch stood like a man in doubt. Then as the thought of a little woman with a white quivering face and a soft beseeching manner flashed across his mind, a light shone in his eyes and a look of determination settled upon his countenance.

Curtly ordering Louis to attend Madamoiselle Yvonne, he briefly explained to the Abbe his intention of making an attempt to cross the gap. In an incredibly short time, having secured fresh dogs and an extra sled the Abbe and Lynch, each with his own team, were racing for the crack in the ice The wiry brutes with lolling tongues and panting sides, urged by voice and whip and with no load save their drivers, ran as they had never run before In a little over an hour the missionary, who had been in the lead, turned his dogs south motioning Lynch to do the same After another run of four miles the reached what the priest had declared was the narrowest part of the gap

Here Lynch at once set about preparing to swim across the icy water which separated him from the other side. With the assistance of the Abbe he securely fastened around his waist the end of a long rope, leaned over the edge and with a "God speed you, mon garcon," from the priest, lowered himself into the water. For a moment he felt nothing; then as the water searched a way through his clothing a deadly coldness seized him which seemed to reach to his very heart He had not gone quite half way and already his limbs felt like leaden weights and each stroke was an agony Why should he struggle for the life of

a man who despised him? With her father dead Yvonne de Montierre could be easily persuaded to become his wife and the Abbe St. Claire, who was his friend, would readily consent to marry them. But again he thought of Yvonne holding back with a weary hand her father's ebbing life, and he fought the chill which assailed him; fought on and on, until he was half—three-quarters of the way across. Oh, God! those last few strokes! Could he make them and could he pull himself out when he had made them? Slowly, steadily he fought on until one and then both hands rested on the edge. He was over; but could he pull himself up? For a moment he hesitated, then with his last remaining strength he rose in the water, hung for a moment on the edge of the ice and with a groan fell flat on the ice, safe

For a few moments Lynch lay as he had fallen, then slowly staggering to his feet he began to stamp about in an effort to warm himself. After a little with the aid of the rope he was able to pull across some dry outer garments which the Abbe had wrapped in an old robe. There was no time to be lost for Lynch could not long stand such exposure, and fifteen miles still lay between him and the aid he sought. One by one, so that they would not become tangled in the harness the missionary pushed the dogs belonging to Lynch's team into the water and they were quickly pulled over, the last thing to cross being the empty sled. With such speed as he could summon Lynch again succeeded in harnessing the whining dogs and shouting to his companion to return to the post, he began the last part of his journey. After a few miles he had the good fortune to happen upon a trail easily followed and leading directly to the shore and the fort which he was now rapidly approaching. Well was it for him that he had done so, for long before the last part of the trail had been traversed he had become so numbed that it was with difficulty he succeeded in guiding the dogs, who luckily stuck to the path with little urging. At last the lights of the fort were dancing before his eyes, the sound of friendly voices filled his ears and willing hands were helping him from the sled. The men of the far North, however, are accustomed to exposure, hardship and to danger and William Lynch was no exception, so that warmed and dried he was quite prepared to accompany the doctor on the return journey, which was accomplished with little difficulty. For while his wants were being attended to busy hands had been at work in the store rooms and after removing bale after bale, had at last succeeded in unearthing a canoe, a task which unaided would have occupied Lnych and the Abbe for hours. The canoe was placed on a third sled and in it Lynch and the doctor easily crossed the water, pulling the dogs after them, and in another run of an hour reached the post

On a day in April a month after the expedition across the bay, Louis had intimated to Lynch the Signeur's desire to speak with him, and it was with considerable trepidation that Lynch repaired to that gentleman's quarters

"Monsieur," began the Signeur, who sat propped up with pillows that Yvonne had placed behind him, "I am weak and it fatigues me greatly to talk, so what I have to say I will say briefly. First, Monsieur, I have to thank you for my life. You are a bold man and, I say it, a brave one. There was a time, Monsieur, when you honored me by asking for the hand of my daughter; only then I did not as I do now perceive the honour. But Monsieur, I have decided to allow Madamoselle to speak for herself, and I trust you will find her answer satisfactory.'

For a moment Yvonne de Montierre looked wildly about as if she wished to escape and when she spoke her voice trembled

"Monsieur Lynch," she began and her eyes fell, "my father has informed me of your interview with him and of his own decision, but I—I am not quite of the same opinion as my father. Monsieur it is what you English call Leap Year, so let that be my excuse if I speak as a good woman should not, for Monsieur, I would feel honored if

you would condescend to become my husband, because I—I also love you—"

But the great arms of William Lynch had closed around her, crushing her to his breast, while he kissed her lips, her face, her eyes, her hair, and for a little while the world seemed far away, save for the sound of the birds and the whisper of the warm spring air that came through the open casement

And the old Abbe St Claire, who had at that moment opened the door, closed it again softly and went away murmuring to himself, "Ah—they are young and have health and strength and much love, and 'tis Spring—Spring in 'la belle Canada,' and for what more could one wish. Et le bon dieu, mes enfants, may he bless you

SUNSET

BY —•— STUART

SOME with smiling tell the sorrow
That the day can never die,
That the blazoned gold of sunset
Is the morning of some sky.

Day fades
As the shadows rise,
The morning comes
As darkness dies;
And day dies
In evening's breath—
Must sorrow aye go on and on
Forever seeking death?

Oh, sunset, sons of men that toil
Forever westward wandering, roam,
And in thy molten clouds behold
The fire that lured them from their home.
Land where the fleecy clouds of day
Turned gold and silver, lose their way,
Where all the fiery airs and ethers
Are purpled round the throne of heaven,
Land of gold, of sunset and of night,
Deep night of sleep forever where never
Comes the morning and the weary cry of "Oh!"
Sleep,—sleep on.

A RIVER OF THE PRAIRIES

IN THE VALLEYS

BY WALPOLE MURDOCK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE valleys of the rivers of the prairies—it is in them that one finds the needed contrast to the broad, bright, level stretches; the relief of sheltering branches and shadowy half lights in a land of wide-flung, open, sunshine-flooded plains.

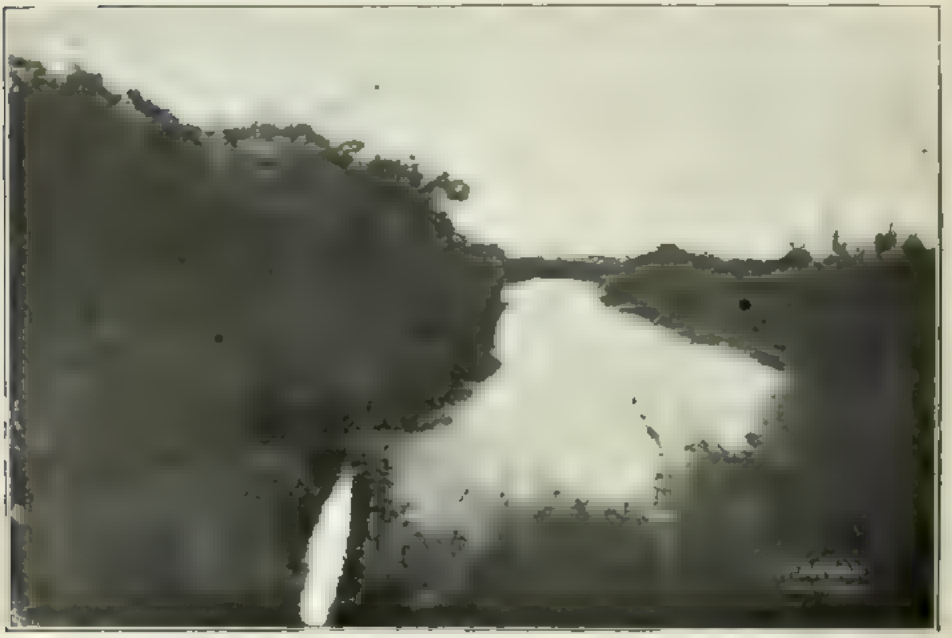
It is in the close copsewood of the river valley that the bush birds build their nests and pour forth their sweetest songs. It is there that the richest and most dewy roses bloom and the honeysuckle hangs its clusters of flowers side by side with the morning-glory and the spiræa; it is there that the hare and the rabbit take shelter in the shade, and there the doe hides her fawns amongst the bushes; it is there that, in the spring, the wild plum trees display their loads of snowy blossom midst a whole forest of flowering trees that shadow their glories in the green beneath

It is to the river valleys that the berry pickers take their way when the June berries are ripe, the raspberries fragrant and the cherries red and purple, while the cranberry bushes hang the still green fruit in heavy bunches over the water and the tangling vines shake their clusters of pungent hops in the faces of intruders.

Then, when the flowers have faded on the prairies and October frosts have browned the grass, and the first flurries of snow drive in from the north, it is to the river valleys that the birds retire for shelter from the cold night winds and the grouse, that have been gathered far and near on the plains during the summer, seek the woods in immense numbers.

Later still, along the river the glossy mink ambles on the ice or enters the open water at the rapids in search of fish. The deer seek the valley to hide

from the winter chill, and the sleepy owl, blinking his yellow eyes, frowns at the gay and lively squirrel amongst the branches of the oak where a horrid home has been concealed. It is to these valleys that the blue jay screams, the woodpecker taps on his tree, and the finch flits amongst the maples where the seed pod hangs. During the dry season the wild life of the great prairies has fled or is underground awaiting the spring. But in the river valleys all the wild life is amongst the trees, for there can be found shelter and food. Later the solitary wolf that nightly wanders on the prairie at the approach of daylight seeks his den amongst the rocks of the hillside where the great herds towards the deep valley



IN THE CLOSE DARKWOOD HER BOWER THEY MADE OF LEAVES

SUMMER

BY ENNIS GRAHAM

FULL summer now—the genial hours
Lend radiant noon to glowing night
Full summer—see the gleaming flowers
Basking in fervid life and light
And love, too, has its perfect noon,
Its summer sun, its summer moon:
In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
My triumph lies—there love is seen.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

Author of "The Gore Valley Viaduct"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALESHIRE

MR. SAM BROWN had made three different and distinct attempts to find out her name, and yet he had progressed no further than to learn that she was "Miss Jones, sir; Mr. Jones' daughter." The elevator boy told him that. It must be admitted that for an ardent lover such as Mr. Brown to be able to get no further and not even to be able to secure an introduction to his divinity, was disheartening.

Consequently, as Mr. Brown walked down the hall of the apartment house, saw the wet slippery street, and saw the object of his affections coming across the road, he conceived an audacious plan on the spur of the moment, whose daring startled even himself when he thought it over afterward.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Mr. Brown, in mock consternation. "How terribly stupid of me. You see, I had my head down and did not see you and——"

Mr. Brown had deferentially assisted the young lady to her feet and was making a dismal failure of his attempt to brush the mud off her skirt.

"I trust you were not hurt," said he, solicitously.

"Not at all, thank you," said Miss Jones, smiling. "It was equally stupid of me; I should have seen you coming." Miss Jones did not mention that she suspected Mr. Brown's little subterfuge.

Being a well-bred young woman she was strongly impressed with the belief that it was the young man's place to make the opening overtures toward forming a new acquaintanceship, and, therefore, very properly neglected to mention that she had seen Mr. Brown's approach with both eyes wide open.

"Ah, thank you so much."

Mr. Brown had recovered a muddy pocketbook from the gutter and at the same time caused a very bedraggled lace handkerchief to make a mysterious disappearance.

"Perhaps," thought Miss Jones, "he intends sending it to the laundry before returning it. What a nice young man!" As a matter of fact, no idea could have been further from Mr. Brown's mind at that moment.

After that they found it all very plain sailing, and, without a compass Mr. Brown experienced no difficulty in steering a perfectly straight course toward his chosen goal. Possibly he used the stars to guide him. It is really quite wonderful how well one can steer by stars, especially, as Mr. Brown sentimentally soliloquized, "the stars that shine in woman's eyes." In the course of a month he and Miss Jones were very old friends.

Indeed, within two weeks over that time they were considerably more Notwithstanding Mr. Brown's unromantic name—for what has a mere name to do with a man's soul—and in spite even of Miss Jones' prosaic cognomen of Sarah, he had fallen very violently in love with her. To tell how Miss Jones felt on the matter would be betraying a lady's confidence, and be highly ungallant. It must suffice the reader to know that in the privacy of her own boudoir she had rechristened Sam into Samuel, and if that is not a barometer of any maiden's affections, you will have to remain in ignorance.

Mr. Brown, having made this much headway with the daughter, with consummate diplomacy, turned his attention towards Mr. Jones—Mr. Nathaniel Jones. By dint of inviting the gentle

Drawn by [illegible] MR. JONES' DAUGHTER

man into his bachelor apartment across the hall, and opening sundry bottles of '83, to say nothing of consuming divers twenty-five cent cigars, Mr. Brown succeeded in winning the golden opinion of Mr. Nathaniel Jones to such an extent that on several occasions the latter expatiated at great length, and with many hiccups to Mrs. Jones upon the young man's merits

Whereupon Mrs. Nathaniel Jones would sleepily open one eye, fix it on the clock, and say to Jones, "Come to bed, you old fool"; and Mr. Nathaniel Jones would do so.

Mr. Sam Brown and Mr Nathaniel Jones never so far forgot the laws of etiquette as to talk vulgar shop when they were together. The nearest they ever came to it was one time when Mr. Jones ventured to inquire of Mr Brown in what business he was engaged.

"I?" Mr. Brown had questioned in reply: "O, I'm in the restaurant business"

As neither had shown a desire to pursue the subject further, the topic had been dropped. Although the occupation of restaurant owning might be a trifle plebian, Mr. Jones had no strenuous objection to a son-in-law engaged in it so long as the young man was steady and made plenty of money. That Mr Brown was so fortunate as to feed a great many people with some degree of regularity was apparent enough, thought Mr. Jones, from the luxurious way in which his apartment was furnished

What Mr. Jones did for a living Mr. Brown never inquired; though, as nearly as his own observation would allow him to estimate, his prospective father-in law was retired from active pursuits, and, outside his home, took his only interests in the club. When a man spends all his day around the house, and is out every evening, surely it would not require great depths of reasoning to fathom that. Moreover, it was a matter that was not worrying Mr. Sam Brown to any great extent, for so long as Mr. Nathaniel Jones would remain away in the evenings, Mr Brown did not care very much if he had never had any other occupation than that of raising a daughter.

Is it not superfluous to say that Mr Sam Brown had declared his love for Miss Sarah Jones? There is no necessity for going here into the details of how he did it. Let it be enough that we know Samuel had offered himself to Sarah, and that Sarah, recognizing an existing affinity, had accepted Samuel for better or for worse as her affianced husband. All this had happened, moreover, with the full knowledge and consent of Mr and Mrs Nathaniel Jones

Indeed, the wedding was but a short six weeks off when came the bump which always lies in the path of true love, and over which the course never runs smooth

One unlucky Friday morning Mr. Nathaniel Jones went down town with Mrs. Jones to select a new wall paper for the dining room though the mission itself is of no importance. The task accomplished, Mr. Jones, having decided to spend the afternoon down town, let his better half go home alone, and turned to look for a restaurant where he might take his luncheon.

Who can tell what evil genius directed his steps to Hanley's down-town place?

"I will have some calf's liver au beurre noir," ordered Mr. Jones; "potatoes julienne and some cauliflower au gratin. You may also bring me a demi-tasse and some Roquefort and ——!"

Mr. Nathaniel Jones had looked up at the waiter

As sure as he had two eyes in his head there stood Mr Sam Brown. He was dressed in the waiters' regulation eton jacket, wore an immaculate white shirt, and had a large, clean napkin ready to spread over Mr Jones' lap. Even as Mr Jones looked, Mr. Brown tilted the water-bottle and filled his glass with a hand as steady as a rock

"Yes, sir," said Mr Brown, imperturbably; "and a demi-tasse and Roquefort Anything else, sir?"

Mr. Nathaniel Jones gasped. Such audacity he had never een. He rose to his feet and reached for his hat and coat

"I think it was a mistake," he said, in his most dignified manner; "I

don't really believe I care for any luncheon

Mr. Brown assisted him into his overcoat, was careful to pull down the tails of his undercoat, and handed Mr Jones his cane

"Very sorry, sir," he said, holding open the door; "hope you're not unwell, sir

To describe Mr Jones' feelings when terms. When he was through he was quite red in the face

"A waiter!" he gasped. "A common, ordinary waiter! And wants to marry my daughter!"

"I see no reason to be ashamed of it," said Mr Brown, who in the meantime had entered the room, unobserved He was now seated, with an expression of dove-like innocence, on the lounge

he reached home would be quite impossible

Until he had unsteadily placed the key in the lock, he was a man in a dream; once inside his own hallway, the familiar surroundings brought him back to himself. With much embroidery of language, he related the adventure to Mrs Jones and to Miss Sarah Jones, winding up by depicting Mr Brown's ultimate end in highly lurid

beside Miss Sarah Jone "I told you I was in the restaurant business and well-[illegible] profes-[illegible] hundred a [illegible] Mr [illegible] four inches "Sarah, he repeate [illegible] this person out

Mrs. Jones drew frigidly aside to allow Mr. Brown to pass, lest he might

rub against her, and she be contaminated. Miss Jones escorted him to the hall.

"Eight o'clock in the reception hall downstairs," she whispered, as she shut the door—from which one will naturally infer that, in this instance at least, Miss Jones did not share her parents' decided opinions.

"That young man must not come here any more," announced Mr. Jones. "Sarah, I want you to promise me that you will not ask him to come in here again."

"Yes, papa," obediently answered the demure Miss Jones, thinking of the reception hall; "it shall be as you wish."

What valuable information Miss Jones conveyed to Mr. Brown that evening after her father had gone out would really be quite difficult to say. She probably told him several things. For, as Mr. Brown went down the steps half an hour later, his face wore the sunniest of smiles.

On the sidewalk he stopped, looked at his watch, and thoughtfully tapped the front of his waistcoat.

"I believe," murmured Mr. Brown, reflectively, to himself, "I believe it's about time for some dinner."

He held up two neatly gloved fingers and a cabby drew up alongside the curb.

"Hector's Broadway Place," ordered Mr. Brown.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Brown to the head waiter; "if you don't mind I think I'd like to occupy that little table over in the corner. It may be the primeval instinct of the Western

Drawn by M. B. Alexshire

"MAMMA ASKED HIM IN!" EXPLAINED MISS JONES NAIVELY

man cropping out in me; but I always had a fondness for sitting with my back to the wall. If there happens to be two walls and a corner seat, so much the better. Ah, thank you."

As Mr. Brown unfolded his napkin, he turned for a better survey of the room, and immediately became aware of a heated discussion going on at his right. The head-waiter was engaged in an argument with one of his assistants.

"It's your table," said the head-waiter; "of course you must wait on it."

Drawn by M. B. Alexhire

"BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN."

Mr. Brown discreetly looked the other way.

A moment later, Mr. Jones placed a glass of water in front of him, and handed him an order-pad!

"Ah, good-evening, Nathaniel." murmured Mr. Brown. "I think I'll have a little puree of tomato."

As Mr. Jones placed the tureen, and commenced to serve Mr. Brown, his hand trembled so that as much as several drops went on the cloth. It was quite perceptible that his emotion was the result of great restraint.

"Careless, careless," said Mr. Brown, reproachfully. "But it's all right; the head-waiter is looking the other way. There!" he dipped his own spoon in the soup. "Now he would never know but what I had done it."

Mr. Jones struggled for words. Mr. Brown had a strong suspicion that he was going to swear.

"Waiting for my order?" asked Mr. Brown. "Why, of course. Now, let me see; how are your English mutton chops with, say, some string beans and some carrots and some potatoes saute. Oh, yes—and a glass of musty ale."

Mr. Brown finished his dinner in leisurely silence with Mr. Jones standing at the back of his chair, thinking thoughts entirely unsuited to the morals of this story. As Mr. Brown arose from the table, Mr. Jones made a pretence of helping him on with his coat. Mr. Brown fished in his pocket and found a fifty-cent piece.

"A small gratuity, Nathaniel'," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Jones, quite unconsciously.

When Mr. Jones arrived home several hours later, well after midnight, he found Mr. Brown and Miss Sarah Jones occupying seats at opposite ends of the sofa.

"Mamma asked him in," explained Miss Jones, naively, "so she could hear a funny story he was telling."

"Humph," grunted Mr. Jones. "I guess you can suit yourselves about asking him in after this."

Then he caught Mrs. Jones' eye and began to laugh. Turning about, he raised his hands in benediction.

"Bless you, my children," he said.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

TOURISTS

By Thomas C. Robson

YE TALK of travels, wander but from home
A few poor furlongs, mark in nature's wood,
The sturdy woodsman, who with flesh and blood
Writes out his own good patent. Here ye come,
Camp out, or sleep in woodland hamlet rude,
Partake of dainty fruit, call it backwoods fare,
The vile weed inhale, praise the rural air,
And send to distant friends, how all is good,
How sleeps the pansy in its native dell,
How stands the pine like Saul among the throng,
What luckless fate the spotted fawn befell,
Lulled to repose by your false syren song;
Then hamlet, camp, and native airs forsook
Ye hurry down to town, and—write a book.

AT THE BRIDGE CLUB

"THEY say Mrs. Gulpin is at death's door."

"Oh! oh! And she is such a beautiful player!"

RISING GENERATION

MASTER—You want large wages for a boy who's had no experience.

Boy—Well, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?

THE SCIENTIFIC BABY

OUR baby isn't lullaby'd, nor rocked until he sleeps,
The pacifier's not allowed to soothe him when he weeps,
His mammy and his daddy both are sterilized each day,
For we're bringing up our baby in the scientific way.

He may not chew his little thumb, while on the rug he squirms,
For thumbs they are not healthful and rugs they teem with germs.
His oatmeal must be fashioned in a fireless stove of hay,
For we're bringing up our baby in the scientific way.

He mustn't kiss his Auntie Maud, nor yet his Uncle John,
For osculation is a thing that microbes dote upon;
And now and then, with bated breath, we wonder if 'twill pay,
This bringing up of baby in the scientific way.

ACCOMPLISHED HIS PURPOSE

WILSON lived in the suburbs, and much to his dismay had forgotten to visit his regular shaving-place before leaving town. He had but an hour's time and some distance to travel before the appointed time for the important dinner party. So in despair, he sought the suburban barber. The appearance of the only man in the place did not please him, but martyr-like, he climbed into the empty chair. The man began to lather his face in an awkward way, and Wilson wondered about his safety. When it was well lathered he repeated the treatment, and then proceeded to lather it again in a most careful manner. Wilson remonstrated:

"Say, man, what are you trying to do, you have lathered my face for the third time; you're wasting a lot of soap and energy."

"We—well, I've been trying to keep you here as long as I could—till the barber gets back. He said he wouldn't be gone long, and if anybody came in I should be sure and not let a customer get away."

EMBARRASSING FOR MAMMA

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Dorothy was obliged to sit opposite her mother on the crowded Winnipeg street car. She amused herself by examining the car in detail. After spending some time in this way, her sweet, piping voice attracted the attention of every passenger abroad: "Mamma, oh, mamma, look up there," pointing to the hanging straps. "This car has suspenders zactly like papa's."

TOO PERSONAL

"HOW many children have you?" asked the rental agent in Montreal.

"Four," responded the prospective tenant.

"How old are they?" continued the agent.

"Won be sax mont, anoder four yere"—he paused for a moment, glared at the agent, then shouted angrily:

"Vat you vant a know for? I not ask you to support them."

RIVAL OF METHUSELAH

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, the actress, tells this of a sailor she once met: "There was a ship in the offing and the salt took from his pocket a collapsible telescope. He extended it and then bade me have a look at the ship. 'What a fine telescope,' I said, after I had looked duly. 'By tar, yer right there,' said the old salt heartily. 'There ain't no finer spyglass in the world. That glass, lady, was give me by the great sea fighter, Paul Jones.' 'Paul Jones!' said I. 'Why, he has been dead over a hundred years.' 'A hundred years!' he muttered. 'An' it seems like yesterday. Shiver my timbers, how time does fly!'"

WHAT THEY BRAG ABOUT

A BOY always brags of what he will do when he's a man.

And when he becomes a man he always boasts of what he did when he was a boy.

PROVERBIAL

IT seemeth when the bubble busts
And home I have to tote her,
That money makes the mare go;
Profanity, the motor.

THE SHORTCAKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

THE shortcake mother used to make—
Ah, you will wisely say
That in those days my appetite
Was always with me, day and night;
That 'tis but fancy's play!
Well, have your fling! Say I have lost
The joy of eating for the sake
Of satisfying hunger which
Youth only knows! But, oh! the rich
Rare shortcake mother used to make!

The shortcake mother used to make
Was built three stories tall.
I never had to search with care
To find the juicy berries there,
Nor were they green or small.
And when I craved a second piece,
Defying any future ache,
I got it without extra charge,
For it was free as well as large,
The shortcake mother used to make